

66 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE



**EERIE**  
#32  
MARCH/71

# EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

60c

**WEIRD AND EVIL  
CREATURES  
SLITHER & SCARE  
IN THIS SPECIAL  
HAUNTING  
ISSUE!!**

## WHAT?

**A  
SUPER-  
HERO  
IN  
EERIE?**

**WHAT  
MANNER  
OF  
MADNESS  
IS THIS?**

**...SEE  
PAGE 7**





# EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY



IN THE NORTHERNMOST PART OF THE HABITABLE ANCIENT WORLD, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, VALIANT NORSEMEN VENTURED OUT INTO THE **DARK SEA** IN SEARCH OF NEW LANDS TO PLUNDER... AND FOUND MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY ENCOUNTERED

**THE CREATURE FROM...**

## BEYOND ULTIMA THULE!



**S**EA SERPENTS ABOUND IN LEGEND AND MYTHOLOGY. MAN'S EARLIEST MAPS WERE INSCRIBED WITH DRAWINGS OF SLIMY, GROTESQUE REPTILES AND NOTATIONS ASSERTING THE DEATHS OF VOYAGERS BY THESE **CREATURES FROM THE UNKNOWN!** ALTHOUGH NUMEROUS CURRENT SIGHTINGS ARE REPORTED, MODERN SCIENCE TENDS TO TREAT THESE AMPHIBIOUS MONSTERS AS FAIRY TALES! PERHAPS WE SHOULD MAINTAIN MORE AWARENESS OF THE **HORROR** THAT IS STILL WITH US... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



# EERIE

NO. 32

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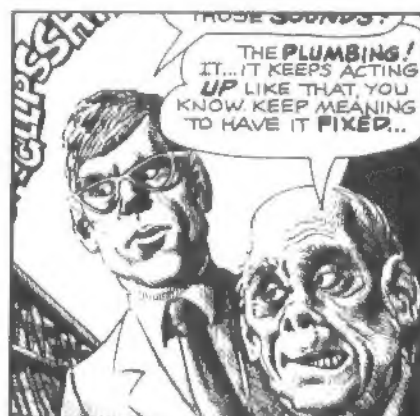
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# DEAR COUSIN EERIE



In EERIE #30 you guys dug up a groovy mummy that made me feel like he was going to reach out of the cover and grab me. Hey, you groovy ghoully gloobs, where do you dig up such great artists? Some of them I wish you would bury. But I do wish you would dig up some new monsters. And if you don't, I'll send over my own fleet.

ARTHUR J. LONDON  
Flushing, N.Y.



Send us drawings of the monsters you have on hand first, Arthur. If their monstrous enough, we'll put in an order for a floatilla full.

I'm writing to tell you that I have strong faith in your magazines. Every time I read your mags, everybody gives me a screaming lecture that it's stupid, nutty, trash and garbage. But I grit my teeth and won't give up. I keep buying and reading and the battle keeps up. But I sincerely think your mags are really great because they're so suspense filled and chilling. Wish you could put more horror and bloody gore in your stories. The one picture that really gave me the creeps was in issue #30, page 59. Now you know what I mean about more horror! Give my compliments to all of your great artists who worked on that issue. Just about all of my friends thought I was nuts for reading your kind of books, but guess what? Most of them are buying copies now, and the back issues they can't find they all come to me begging to trade for their inferior mags.

PETER S. CALANDRA, JR.  
Hoboken, N.J.

## "Dig up more monsters like in EERIE 30"

My mom said that when she was a little girl, if she had read anything like your magazines, she would have had nightmares.

MIKE GLASSER  
Sumner, Ill.



Well, Mike I'm glad to hear that your mom reads our mags also.

Issue #30 was one of your best, but not for 60c. Issue #35 of CREEPY was worth the 60c because there were nine stories, hardly any ads and was covered uniquely. In your mag, there were only seven stories. Only seven! And for 60c ?? UGH! You've put monsters back a few centuries. Money was my only complaint, although the rest of the mag was great. You absolutely have to keep Pat Boyette, Bill Dubay, Ken Barr and Carlos Garzon. The first three are fantastic artists and writers, and Garzon is one of the best artists I've seen and enjoyed

since the early issues of CREEPY and EERIE. Garzon's work reminds me of the work of one of my old time favorites, Joe Orlando. Garzon's art in "The Creation" brought back memories of the great Orlando's art. However, keep up the good work.

JACK AGUGLIARO  
Niagara Falls, N.Y.



You seem to be a Garzon fan of the utmost, Jack. As for Creepy having nine stories to our seven, that Uncle Creep stole a few of my artist to try and make his mag come up to the standards of mine. For my money, (60c) EERIE is tops in my book.

Issue #30 was a boring piece of garbage. I'm not spending my money on your cheap magazines any more. Instead, I shall buy trash cans to put them in.

LOUIE PUCCIO  
New York, N.Y.



Thank you for taking the time to express your opinion, Louie, but think of this: trash cans are so much more expensive. So why waste your money on that. Continue to waste it on our trash. It's cheaper.

In EERIE #28, you said that there was an issue #1. If so, then why can't I find one? If there's anyone who has a copy, I'm willing to pay whatever price they're asking for it. So far, I have a complete collection of CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. Oh, by the way, would you mind telling me what you are, and what your dear Uncle CREEPY is?

SUSAN HOZNECKI  
East Rutherford, N.J.



I'm the most! He's nothing! If you're looking for an issue of Creepy #1, Susan, simply fill out one of our coupons for a back issue in any one of our magazines, and we'll rush you a copy of that collector's edition.

In the Fanfare page from issue #30, Gray Morrow drew a picture for the story "The Mistake". My brother had issue #7 of CREEPY and there was the same picture for "Blood Of Krylon". Please explain. Other than that, please have more werewolf stories in your magazines. Incidentally, for whatever it's worth, I like EERIE much better than CREEPY.

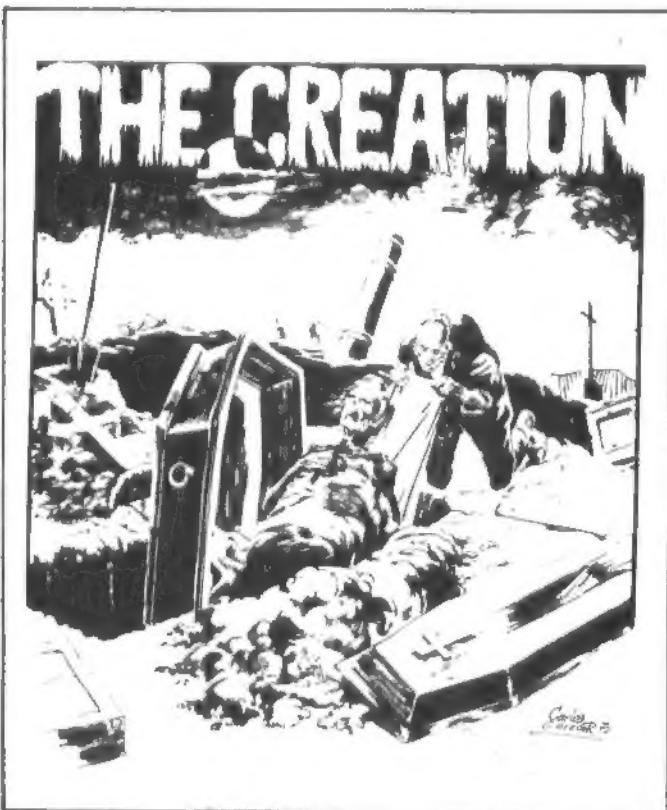
JOHN SULLIVAN  
Torrance, Cal.



Gray Morrow's drawing seemed to fit David E. Bruegel's story "The Mistake" so we used it.

"The Entail" in EERIE #30 was so neat it started me buying EERIE and CREEPY. I just love to read the letters pages in your magazines. But there was one from a fan of yours who said CREEPY was better than EERIE. Now, how could that be when you both have the same artists and writers? I think I may have an answer to this aging conflict... have the artists and writers put more heart into working on EERIE (because EERIE is better than CREEPY.)

CHRIS CARY  
Hot Springs, Ark.



Drawing of splash panel by Carlos Garzon from "The Creation" gave Peter Calandra Jr. of Hoboken, N.J. the 'creeps'.

# "Issue 30 Pg. 59 gave me the CREEPS"



Seems as though that point is always being brought up, Chris. But everybody knows I top that Creepy Of Uncle Bone-Bags when it comes to who's better around here. And thanks for agreeing with me.

I hadn't ever read a CREEPY or an EERIE until one day I passed a newsstand and saw a copy of EERIE #27. Out of curiosity, I picked it up. It was so good, that since then, I've been on the look-out for more. Each time after that, I grabbed as many issues of your magazines as I could. I was hooked. I think you've got the best magazines in the WORLD. Thanks a lot for making me an EERIE fanatic.

PAUL SPEICH  
Claremont Capetown,  
South Africa



We hope you can keep picking up the mags as fast as we're putting them out, Paul. If you can't, why don't you send for a subscription which will avoid your having to search all over Africa. This way, they'll come straight from America to you personally.



I'm sure ole Arch will be glad to know he was missed. But of all three mags, Jim, Don't you think I'm better looking? Be honest, now.

I would like some information from your publication and would appreciate it very much if you would answer me honestly. First, I would like to

Just the other day, I bought a copy of EERIE #30 and a VAMPIRELLA #8 and noticed that as soon as Archie Goodwin came back, CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA have gotten much better. Also, Nicola Cuti, is a great writer. One of your best ever. Mainly, the reason I'm writing is to rave about Pat Boyette. He's written and illustrated four stories and they all have been just fantastic. But his best ever was his latest, "The Entail". This was one of the top five stories ever to be published in EERIE. In other words, it was great. I hope to see more of his work in further issues of EERIE, CREEPY AND VAMPIRELLA.

JIM MCGRAW  
Concord, Mass.



Certainly glad you brought up these questions, Brad. We get many letters from our fans requesting this information. First, we ask our readers to send in sketches, short stories, and poems for our fan pages. We take great care in reading each story and evaluating its merit as being worthy for publication. We ask that all stories be kept short. As we would like to print as many as space allows on EERIE FANFARE pages. (100 words or less should be ample enough to tell a good story.) Poems should

BRADFORD SEAY  
Houston, Texas

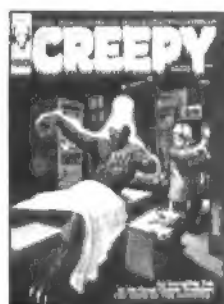
be kept short also. As for scripts for full page stories up to six or seven pages, we have our regular staff writers who provide us with stories. However, from time to time, we do receive unusually excellent ideas from amateur and freelance writers. In these cases, we refer those scripts over to our publications editor for evaluation. If it's felt these scripts warrant the need for illustrating, the script is then turned over to one of our staff artist. Many times we receive outstanding pieces of art work from our readers. In this case, we ask that all art be sent to us in black ink (suitable for reproducing).

There have been times when the art work we've received showed the artist to have tremendous talent. In these rare cases, we've asked that he, or she, illustrate a script for us... for which the artist is then paid the average rate for an acceptable story.

Want to write us?  
Address your poison pen letters to:  
EERIE LETTERS,  
145 E. 32nd St., N.Y.C. 10017

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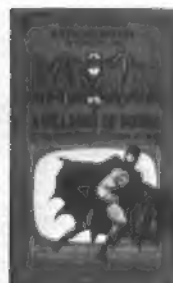
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**DISCONTINUED**

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## THE MIGHTY THOR



Thor, the Norse thundergod, recently had to take an elevator to the top of a midtown skyscraper before he could fly off to Asia to stop a rampaging witchdoctor—because a cop wouldn't let Thor whirl his magic hammer on a crowded street. A woman in the elevator looked at Thor's shoulder-length blond curls and mused, "That REMINDS me—I'm due for a PERMANENT at noon."

## NOMAN



**T.H.U.N.D.E.R.** **T.H.U.N.D.E.R.** Agent **NOMAN** is really **Dr. Dunn**, top scientist volunteered to let his human body die to transfer consciousness to identical android brain. His specialty is an invisibility cloak, giving him the ability to switch from one body to another. He is the Most Feared Agent of them all!

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**BEWARE!** MONSTERS AT YOUR DOOR! Prepare to shudder with horror! Most of the things that creep on you in the darkness of the night. Ordinarily these creatures lurk in hidden places of other planets, other dimensions. But they all come to frightening life in the wondrous pages of this hair-raising collection.

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NOT *ME*, YOU CREEPS!  
I MEAN THE FREAK  
IN THE LONG UNDERWEAR  
OVER *THERE*!

TOOK THEM A FULL  
HALF HOUR BUT THEY  
**FINALLY** GOT THAT  
LOCK PICKED!

IT'S TIME OL'  
**CRIME CRUSHER**  
SHOWED 'EM HOW  
WRONG THEY ARE!

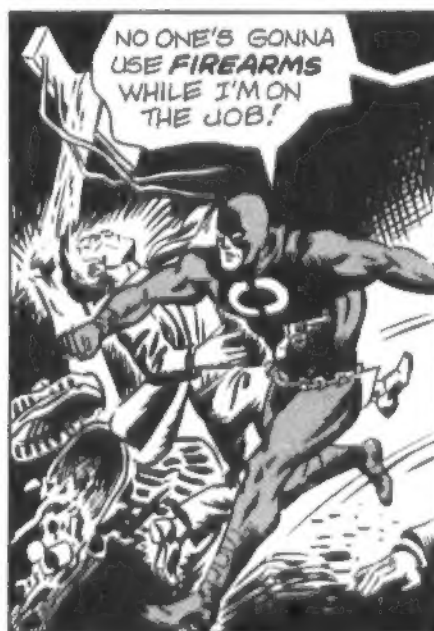
NO, FIENDISH FOLLOWERS,  
YOU HAVEN'T PICKED UP  
THE **WRONG** TYPE MAG.  
BY MISTAKE! THERE'S  
STILL THE TOUCH OF  
**TERROR** WAITING FOR  
YOU IN THESE PAGES,  
EVEN THOUGH THE GENT  
IN THE SNAPPY OUTFIT  
BELOW IS OBVIOUSLY A...

BOSS!  
THAT SOUND!  
IT'S **CRIME  
CRUSHER..**

YOU SAID A  
**MOUTHFULL**  
CREEP!

**GOOD GOD!**  
HOW DID HE...?

WHO CARES!  
GET HIM  
BEFORE HE  
GETS US!





THE NEXT MORNING...

I JUST DON'T LIKE IT, MIKE!  
HE'S TAKING THE **LAW** INTO  
HIS OWN **BLOODY** HANDS!

\*\*\*G!!! **SUPERHERO!**  
COULDN'T HE JUST HOLD  
'EM FOR ARREST?

YEAH, THESE BOYS GOT  
**DEAD** THE **HARD** WAY!

UGH! WHY DOES HE  
ALWAYS HAVE TO...**(CHOKES!)**  
LEAVE 'EM LIKE **THIS!**

IF IT WEREN'T FOR  
COMMISSIONER GORMON  
SANCTIONING HIS  
**VIOLENCE** WE'D  
HAVE PUT THE  
**CRIME CRUSHER**  
ON ICE A LONG  
TIME AGO!

LOOK AT  
THIS **MESS!**  
MAYBE WE  
CAN PICK  
HIM UP FOR  
**LITTERING!**



WELL... REMEMBER  
PAT, HE DOES THIS...  
THIS VIOLENCE TO  
CRIMINALS ONLY,  
TO THE MORAL AND  
SOCIAL GARBAGE  
THAT INFEST  
GOTHAM CITY!

OH SURE, MIKE, THAT MAKES  
HIM A **GARBAGE**  
**COLLECTOR** AND  
SUPER **SEWAGE**  
**TREATMENT** PLANT  
ALL WRAPPED UP  
IN ONE MUSCLE  
BOUND PACKAGE!



C'MON! THERE'S  
NO FUTURE IN  
ARGUING WITH  
THE COMMISSIONER!

YOU CALL IN, FIND OUT  
IF HE WANTS THIS  
**HUSHED UP** AS  
USUAL.

I'M GONNA  
FIND SOME  
DARK CORNER  
AND GET  
**SICK!**



THOUGH THE PUBLIC IS  
KEPT IGNORANT OF  
**CRIME CRUSHERS**  
RATHER UNSAVORY  
METHODS GOTHAM  
CITY'S PUBLIC **ENEMIES**  
ARE VERY WELL  
INFORMED, INDEED.

THREE OF MY BEST BOYS  
DEAD AND THE LOOT...  
THE **BEAUTIFUL** LOOT, **GONE!**

I GOTTA GET  
THAT GRUESOME  
**GOODY TWO SHOES**  
BEFORE I WIND  
UPON **WELFARE!**

**HAW!** DAT'S A  
HOT ONE, BOSS!  
BIG JIM BARRON  
ON **WELFARE!**  
**HAW-UNG!**



**EAT KNUCKLES, STEW BUM!**

GET ME CHICAGO ON THAT  
PHONE! I GOT A JOB FOR  
AN **EXTERMINATOR!**



THERE HE IS,  
THAT'S THE **HIT**  
**MAN!** THAT'S  
**OLLIE TWITCHIT!**

**SHEEZ!** HE  
DON'T LOOK  
LIKE MUCH!

WHAT DIDJA  
EXPECT, **LEE**  
**MARVIN?**

YOU **GOTTA** BE KIDDING!  
WHAT IS HE, SOME KINDA  
**NUT?**

OLLIE, WOULD  
I KID AROUND ABOUT  
LOSING A FORTUNE  
IN JEWELS? **WOULD I?**

YOU OUGHTA CHANGE YOUR  
BRAND OF LITERATURE,  
BIG JIM. THIS KIND OF  
THING ONLY HAPPENS  
IN **COMIC BOOKS!**

LISTEN THIS **CRIME**  
**CRUSHER** IS ONE  
TOUGH MONKEY!  
WE HAVEN'T BEEN  
ABLE TO TOUCH HIM.

WHY, WE CAN'T EVEN  
GET THE **COPS** TO  
PROTECT OUR **RIGHTS!**

YOU HAVE INDEED BEEN  
DEALT A DIRTY DEAL,  
BIG JIM, BUT YOUR TROUBLES  
ARE **OVER!** YOU HAVE  
CALLED UPON THE SERVICES  
OF OLLIE TWITCHIT...  
SERVICES OF A **VERY**  
**HIGH CALIBER!**

THIS BUM  
REALLY THINKS  
HE'S A SUPERHERO!  
HE'S GOT A SPECIAL  
OUTFIT AND EVERYTHING!

AW,  
KNOCK IT  
OFF, WILL  
YA?

OH,  
I **INTEND**  
TO!

NOW HERE'S  
THE PLAN...

AND THAT NIGHT AS THE **CRIME CRUSHER**  
PROWLS THE MIDNIGHT STREETS IN SEARCH  
OF CRIME...

WELL, HERE I AM  
PATROLING THE  
MIDNIGHT STREETS  
IN SEARCH OF CRIME!

THERE'S GOTTA BE  
SOME **CRIME** GOIN'  
ON SOMEPLACE,  
THERE'S JUST  
**GOTTA BE!**

MEBBE JUST A LITTLE  
CRIME... **ANYTHING...**

FIGHTIN' CRIME  
IS ABOUT THE ONLY  
**WORTHWHILE**  
THING I'M FIT  
FOR!

**Poom!**

SAY...  
I THOUGHT  
I HEARD A  
**POOM!**



THE SOUND OF A MUFFLED  
**EXPLOSION** CAME FROM  
THAT WINDOW OVER THERE...  
NOW IF I TIME MY ENTRANCE  
JUST RIGHT I CAN ...



THERE IS GOOD  
AND THERE IS EVIL!

THEY ARE OPPOSITES!

THEY DO NOT MIX!

A MAN CANNOT BE  
PARTLY EVIL!

IF HE CHOOSES TO  
DO SOMETHING  
EVIL, THEN HE IS  
WHOLLY EVIL.

AND THUS IT BECOMES  
MY SACRED DUTY  
TO BASH HIM TO  
A PULP!

UNGH!

AWK!

OOOFF!

UNGH!

AAGH!

OH!

OH!

UNGH!

NNG!

INDEED **WELL** SPOKEN, MINION OF MAYHEM, HOWEVER..

THAT'S THE **FOURTH** EXPLOSION BOSS, I DON'T **HEAR** SO GOOD NO MORE.

IS HE HERE YET?

...THE TIME HAS COME TO BRING  
DOWN THE DARK CURTAIN ON  
YOUR **PESTILENT PRATTLING!**

SAY BOSS,  
IS HE...

**CME!**

HERE'S AN END  
TO YOUR ROTTEN  
SELF RIGHTEOUS  
CAREER, CRIME  
CRUSHER!

BLAM

YOU CAN'T BE STILL STANDING!

I KILLED YOU!

STAY AWAY!

YOU WOULDN'T HIT A GUY WITH GLASSES WOULD YA?



CRIME CRUSHER,  
AGAIN?

WHO  
**ELSE?**

CRIPES,  
WHAT A  
**MESS!**



SAY, THIS ISN'T JUST  
ANOTHER HOOD!  
CRIME CRUSHER'S  
KNOCKED OFF  
OLLIE TWITCHIT,  
THE **BIG TIME**  
CHICAGO HIT MAN  
FOR THE **SYNDICATE!**

**GOOD OL' C.C.!**  
UNDERSTAND  
**NOW** WHY THE  
COMMISSIONER  
ALLOWS THE  
CRIME CRUSHER  
TO OPERATE  
WITH OUR  
BLESSING?



DO YOU SEE **NOW**, MIKE  
HOW WE'D BE RUINING A  
GREAT THING IF WE LET  
THE PUBLIC KNOW ABOUT  
THE TWIN **PUNCTURE**  
**MARKS** FOUND IN THE  
**NECK** OF EVERY VICTIM?



DOESN'T IT MAKE **SENSE**  
NOW WHY WE CAN **NEVER**  
LET THE PRESS IN ON THE  
FACT THAT THE BODIES OF  
C.C.'S VICTIMS ARE ALWAYS  
FOUND **DRAINED** OF THEIR  
**BLOOD!**



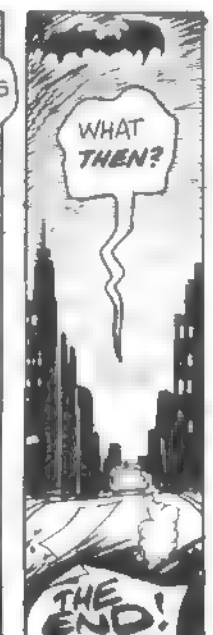
OH, SURE, CRIME  
CRUSHER'S A REAL  
**PUBLIC SERVANT...**



...BUT, PAT, WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN HE RUNS OUT  
OF **CRIMINALS?**  
THE SUPPLY ISN'T  
INEXHAUSTIBLE  
EVEN IN **THIS CITY**



WHEN CRIME  
CRUSHER RUNS  
OUT OF THE VICTIMS  
WE **ALLOW** HIM,  
AND HIS **BLOOD**  
**LUST** STILL  
DRIVES HIM  
ON...



WHAT  
**THEN?**

**THE  
END!**





**HAWK! HAWK!** PARDON ME FOR **COFFIN** BUT **ICE** SEE YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE THING THAT MARK GOODE FOUND IN A CAVE SOMEWHERE IN THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS. JUST BE GLAD YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ...

# THE WAKING OF THE HAWK!



FOR AGES IT HAS LAIN HIDDEN IN A BLOCK OF SOLID ICE, FAR BENEATH THE DIRT AND ROCK OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS. THE FIERCE SNOWSTORMS AND GALES OF THE OUTER WORLD DO NOT REACH INTO THIS DOMAIN OF DARK SILENCE. NOT EVEN A FAINT SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT PENETRATES THE EBON BLACKNESS THAT MAKES THIS CRYPT INTO A FORGOTTEN ENIGMA OUT OF EARTH'S MOST REMOTE PAST...

YET ON A CERTAIN SPRING DAY, A SOUND ENTERS THAT STILL DARKNESS...

**CRICK**  
**CRICK**

OUTSIDE THAT MYSTERIOUS CAVERN, TWO MEN WORK WITH PICKS...

I TELL YOU, JOE-- THIS IS THE PLACE! THERE'S A HOLLOW BEHIND THIS DEBRIS. LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF MY PICKAXE!



SO WOT? THERE WAS AN AIR BUBBLE 'ERE H'AT ONE TIME. DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'!

DON'T MEAN NOTHING? MAN, JUST -- LOOK AT THIS!



WELL, GET ASIDE. CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WITH YOUR 'EAD IN THE WAY!

EAGER HANDS CLAW AN OPENING THROUGH WHICH TWO BODIES SQUEEZE.

LOR BLIMEY-- WE'RE RICH! I DUNNO WOT ALL THIS STUFF IS-- I NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT BEFORE! BUT IT'S VALUABLE, I KNOW THAT MUCH.

IT SURE IS. MAYBE MARK WILL KNOW. I HEAR HIM COMING NOW.

HUSKY MARK GOODE, SOMETIME GAMBLER, ADVENTURER, WORLD WANDERER, PAUSES IN AWED DELIGHT AS HE SEES...

YOU GUYS DIDN'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE LEGEND OF THE SLEEPING MAN, DID YOU? FROM TIME TO TIME THE ROCKS SLIDE, AND THE LOCAL TRIBESMEN HAVE TAKEN PEEKS INSIDE.



LOOK AT THIS STUFF, WILL YOU! I TELL YOU, WE'RE RICH. **RICH!**

DON'T DO US NO GOOD. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT DOES.

BUT HE KNOWS! IF WE CAN REVIVE HIM, HE CAN TELL US!

OH, HE CAN TELL US, ALL RIGHT. AND I HAVE THE FEELING THAT HE PUT HIMSELF INSIDE THAT ICE SO HE'D LIVE--MAYBE FOR A THOUSAND CENTURIES UNTIL SOMEBODY LIKE US FOUND HIM.

HE LOOKS LIKE HORUS, THE EGYPTIAN GOD WITH THE BIRD'S HEAD.

YEAH. MAYBE THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS KNEW ABOUT HIM--OR HIS KIND.

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THEIR MEAL AND WHILE WRAPPED IN THEIR SLEEPING BAGS, MARK GOODE KNOWS THE BITE OF GREED...

THOSE THINGS IN THE CAVE ARE SCIENTIFIC WONDERS OF SOME ALIEN CIVILIZATION ALL RIGHT.. BUT WHY SHOULD I SHARE THEM WITH ED AND JOE? I THOUGHT OF THE IDEA OF COMING HERE. ALL THEY DID WAS DIG...

I'LL KILL THEM! THEN ALL THOSE TREASURES WILL BE-- MINE!





AT THE FIRST HINT OF DAWN IN THE HIMALAYAN SKY, TWO INERT BODIES HURTLE DOWNWARD FROM THE ICY HEIGHTS...

NOW-- IT ALL BELONGS TO ME!

FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS, MARK GODDE WORKS WITH BURLAP BAGS INSIDE THE CAVERN OF THE ICE-TOMB...

I'LL HAVE THIS STUFF READY FOR TRANSPORTATION IN ANOTHER DAY OR TWO.

HE DOES NOT NOTICE THAT THE ICE BLOCK IS MELTING-- MELTING SWIFTLY...

HELP ME. WHOEVER YOU ARE -- HELP ME!

HUH?

YOU SPOKE TO ME! YOU ARE ALIVE!

I TELEPATHED MY THOUGHTS, MAN OF THIS PLANET! AID ME-- FEED ME-- AND I SHALL REWARD YOU.

RIGHT! YOU AND I ARE PARTNERS, PAL. I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS ICE-- AND SOME HOT SOUP INTO YOU-- IN A JIFFY, THEN YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT THE THINGS IN THIS CAVE-- AND WHAT THEY DO.

NO NURSE, NO DOCTOR, EVER CARED FOR A PATIENT WITH SUCH TENDER, LOVING CARE...

DRINK THIS SOUP! COME A LITTLE CLOSER TO THE FIRE. ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT? ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO? GOTTA TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU, YOU KNOW.

MOST OF THEM WILL BE BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION, BUT I SHALL TRY.

AH, I'M BEGINNING TO WAKE UP.

DOING WITH LITTLE SLEEP HIMSELF, MARK GOODE IS ALWAYS READY TO PERFORM LITTLE ACTS OF MERCY TOWARD HIS STRANGE COMPANION...

YEAH... I WANT YOU ALIVE AND HEALTHY SO'S YOU CAN EXPLAIN ALL THOSE GADGETS TO ME. IF I CAN UNDERSTAND 'EM, I CAN MAKE 'EM WORK! THEN I CAN SELL THEM FOR A DOZEN FORTUNES...



AS THE DAYS PASS...

YOU LOOK BETTER. YOUR APPETITE'S COME BACK. I'LL WHIP UP ANOTHER MEAL FOR YOU BEFORE WE GO INTO THE CAVE.

STRANGE THAT I SHOULD OWE MY SURVIVAL TO A LIFE FORM LIKE YOURS.



WARM, AND WITH HIS MIDDLE FULL OF NOURISHING FOOD, THE ALIEN TELEPATHS HIS STORY...

THE STARS TELL ME MANY, MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE I LANDED ON THIS PRIMITIVE PLANET. MY KIND USED TO VISIT HERE, LONG AGO. BUT AS MY SPACESHIP FLEW OVER THIS GREAT MOUNTAIN BARRIER...



"I CRASHED! I WAS FLUNG FROM MY SHIP, UNCONSCIOUS..."

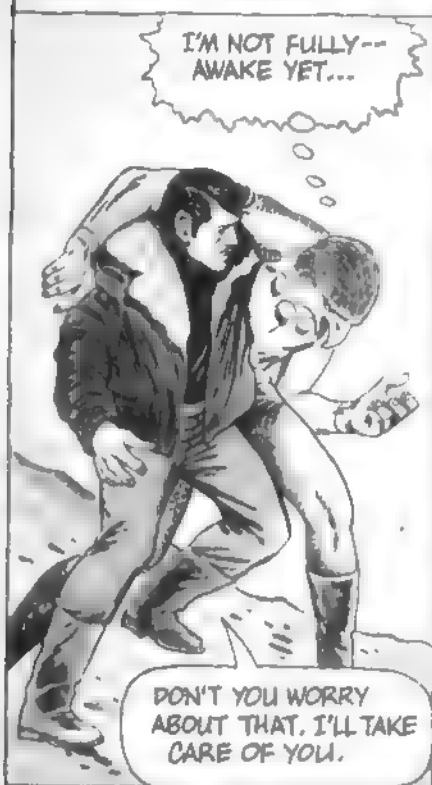


"WITH MY SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS I HOLLOWED A CAVE OUT OF LIVING ROCK TO SHELTER ME, AND LAY DOWN, WILLING MYSELF INTO A COMA AS ANOTHER MACHINE FORMED A LENGTH OF ICE TO PRESERVE MY BODY..."





USING HIS BROAD SHOULDERS AND GREAT STRENGTH TO HALF CARRY THE HAWKHEADED MAN, MARK GOODE AIDS HIM TO THE LITTLE CAMP BELOW THE HIGH PEAK...



HE MAKES MANY TRIPS FROM THE CAMP TO THE CAVE, CARRYING THE TREASURES CAREFULLY...



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, IN SLOW AND EASY STAGES, MARK GOODE CARRIES HIS COMPANION DOWNWARD OFF THE HIGH SLOPES...



THEN CAME THE NIGHT WHEN...

IT IS TIME FOR THE TELLING, FOR I AM ALMOST FULLY--AWAKE! THIS OBJECT IS A GRAVITY CONTROL DEVICE, THAT USES THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF GRAVITY TO PUSH OR PULL. IT IS HOW WE TRAVEL BETWEEN THE STARS.



AND THIS IS A THANDOK WHICH EMPLOYS THE MAGNETIC FIELDS OF A PLANET FOR ITS UNGUESSABLY VAST AMOUNTS OF ENERGY. IT CAN POWER A WEAPON THAT MIGHT DESTROY AN ENTIRE CONTINENT IN ONE FLOW OF EXPLOSIVE FORCE.



HERE IS A COMPLIKON, WHICH WILL HEAL ANY WOUND -- OR ANY ILLNESS! IT DESTROYS ALSO THAT WHICH CAUSES ANY PAIN, ANY SUFFERING.



VISIONS OF WEALTH  
DANCE IN MARK GOODE'S  
HEAD AS HE BRINGS THE  
HAWK-HEADED MAN  
DOWNWARD..

YOU'RE MUCH  
STRONGER,  
NOW.

YES, SOON I WILL  
BE WELL ENOUGH TO  
GO IT ON MY OWN.

THEN, AT A BEND IN THE ROCK LEDGE...

I STOP HERE!  
THERE IS  
MY SPACESHIP.

HUH? YOU STOP  
HERE? BUT YOU AND  
I ARE GOING DOWN TO  
CIVILIZATION WITH  
THOSE MARVELOUS  
GADGETS OF YOURS!

I NEVER INTENDED TO GO FURTHER  
THAN MY SPACESHIP. NOW THAT MY  
BODY IS WELL AGAIN, I CAN REPAIR  
IT AND LEAVE THIS WORLD. THANKS  
TO YOU -- THE HAWK HAS WAKED!

BUT WHAT  
ABOUT ME?

YOU? YES, IT IS TIME FOR MY  
FINAL ACT. I SHALL NEED ENERGY  
TO REPAIR THE SHIP. YOU SHALL  
GIVE IT TO ME.

NO NO!  
AAAAAGHH!

THE MOUNTAIN WINDS ARE SILENT AS THE HAWK FEASTS. FOR EVERY HAWK, EVEN  
A HUMANOID WITH A HAWK'S HEAD, IS A VORACIOUS EATER OF MEAT....

SOMETHING TO DIG  
YOUR TEETH INTO, EH?  
A LITTLE FEAST TO  
FLUTTER YOUR GOOSE  
BUMPS, RIGHT? NEXT  
TIME YOU SEE A  
HAWK-- BEAK IT--  
OOOPS! BEAT IT,  
I MEAN...



CLIF  
JACKSON



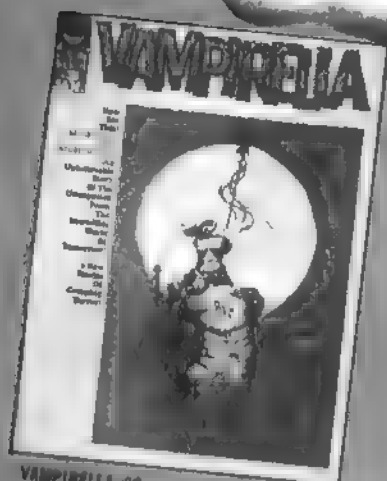


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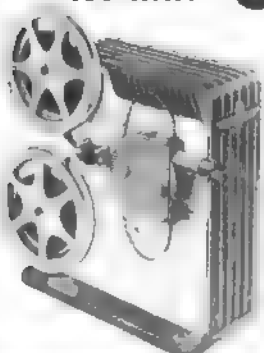
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THESE ARE THE  
HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS,  
COUSINS...RUGGED,  
MYSTERIOUS, ALMOST  
IMPENETRABLE, HIDING  
THEIR COUNTLESS SECRETS  
FROM AN EVER-CHANGING  
WORLD. BUT THERE'S ONE  
SECRET THEY DIDN'T  
HIDE, AND IT'S A REAL  
SCREAMER, TOO...  
THE SECRET OF...

# THE WAILING TOWER

BILL REAMY WAS  
ON AN AERIAL  
MAPPING FLIGHT  
OVER THE  
HIMALAYAS FOR  
THE INDIAN  
GOVERNMENT...  
AND HE WAS IN  
TROUBLE...

SPUTTER...COUGH

COME ON, BABY,  
DON'T QUIT ON ME  
NOW! NOT NOW!

BUT ALL THE COAXING IN THE WORLD WOULDN'T HELP THE  
FAILING ENGINE, AS IT SPUTTERED ITS FATEFUL MESSAGE...

BLAST IT! I'M GOING  
DOWN—AND I'M TOO LOW  
TO JUMP! GUESS I'LL  
HAVE TO RIDE HER OUT  
AND HOPE FOR  
THE BEST...

COUGH-  
KA-WHUMP

THE CRIPPLED PLANE CAME DOWN IN A SHARP GLIDE—  
THE RIGHT WING BARELY MISSED A LOOMING MOUNTAIN...  
AND THEN A SOLID BANK OF SNOW GREETED THE  
FRAGILE CRAFT...

UNGHHH!

THERE WAS DARKNESS...AND THEN, AFTER WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY...



THE OLD MAN SPOKE A TIBETIAN DIALECT, FAMILIAR TO REAMY'S EARS...



THE NEXT DAY, REAMY WAS ALLOWED TO LEAVE HIS BED, AND KA-TUNG, THE HIGH PRIEST, ANSWERED HIS QUESTIONS WHILE SHOWING HIM THE MANY ROOMS OF THE ANCIENT MONASTERY...



REAMY WAS LED INTO ANOTHER ROOM FULL OF MANY WINDOWS...



YOU ARE LUCKY THAT A GROUP OF PILGRIMS IS DUE TOMORROW. WHEN THEY RETURN TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, YOU MAY GO WITH THEM.

BUT FIRST, BEHOLD OUR BROTHERHOOD'S SOLE REASON FOR EXISTENCE...LOOK THROUGH THAT WINDOW...

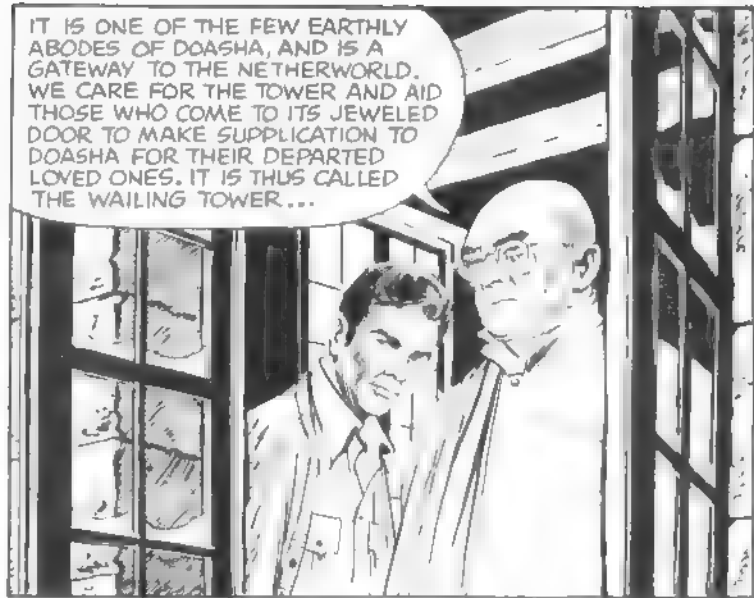




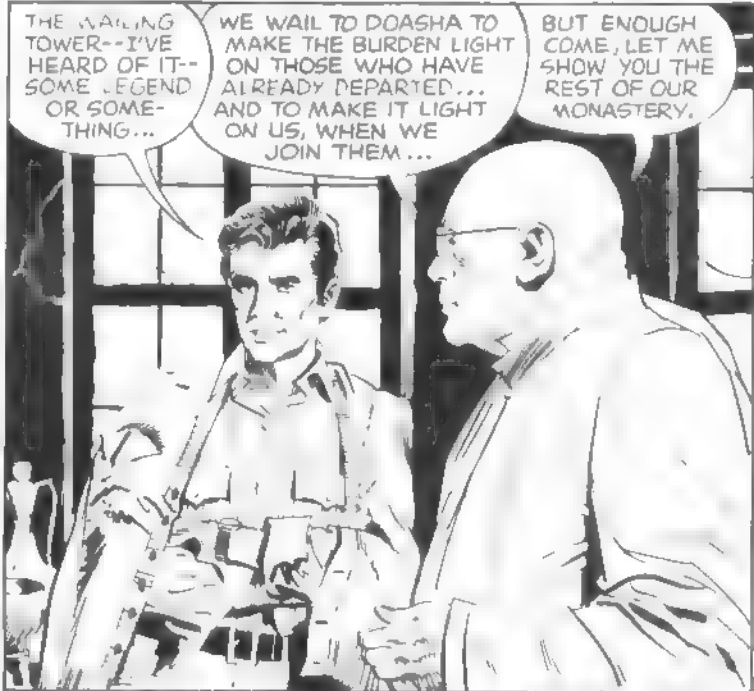


REAMY TURNED, AND HIS EYES WIDENED IN AMAZEMENT. ON A NEARBY SNOW-SWEPT PEAK STOOD A MASSIVE STONE TOWER, THRUST LIKE A VENGEFUL FIST INTO THE FACE OF THE HEAVENS...

G-GREAT GUNS! WHAT IS IT?



IT IS ONE OF THE FEW EARTHLY ABODES OF DOASHA, AND IS A GATEWAY TO THE NETHERWORLD. WE CARE FOR THE TOWER AND AID THOSE WHO COME TO ITS JEWELLED DOOR TO MAKE SUPPLICATION TO DOASHA FOR THEIR DEPARTED LOVED ONES. IT IS THUS CALLED THE WAILING TOWER...



THE WAILING TOWER--I'VE HEARD OF IT--SOME LEGEND OR SOMETHING...

WE WAIL TO DOASHA TO MAKE THE BURDEN LIGHT ON THOSE WHO HAVE ALREADY DEPARTED... AND TO MAKE IT LIGHT ON US, WHEN WE JOIN THEM...

BUT ENOUGH COME, LET ME SHOW YOU THE REST OF OUR MONASTERY.



THEY WALKED ON, VISITING EACH ROOM IN THE MASSIVE MONASTERY. AND THEN...

AND THIS IS OUR OFFERING CHAMBER, WHERE MY BROTHERS PREPARE THE PILGRIM'S JEWEL OFFERINGS FOR MOUNTING ON THE TOWER'S SACRED JEWEL DOOR...

LORD, THERE'S A KING'S FORTUNE HERE!



THEY MOVED ON, SEEING THE REST OF THE MONASTERY, BUT REAMY'S THOUGHTS WERE ON THE JEWELS. THAT NIGHT, IN HIS SLEEPING CHAMBERS, HIS MIND WAS ABLAZE WITH THE THOUGHT OF THE FORTUNE HE HAD SEEN...

THOSE FOOLS DON'T NEED ALL THOSE JEWELS! THEY CAN'T BUY ANYTHING, HERE IN THESE STINKIN' MOUNTAINS--YET IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD, IT WOULD MAKE ANY MAN A KING!

THE MORE HE THOUGHT ON THE JEWELLED RICHES THE MORE OBSESSED HE BECAME... FINALLY, IN THE TWILIGHT HOURS BEFORE DAWN, A PLAN FORMED...

I'LL STEAL SOME OF THE JEWELS, AND SOME FOOD, AND THEN SLIP OVER THE MOUNTAIN PASS BEFORE THEY KNOW I'M GONE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE FINDING MY WAY DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

AND I CAN COME BACK LATER, WITH FRIENDS, AND TAKE ALL THE JEWELS!



REAMY SPENT THAT DAY RESTING AND PLANNING HIS CRIME. THEN, AS DARKNESS ONCE AGAIN SPREAD ITS CLOAK OVER THE SNOW-SWEPT MOUNTAINS, HE ACTED...

ONLY ONE GUY HERE... THIS SHOULD BE EASY...



PICKING UP AN ORNAMENTAL DAGGER FROM A NEARBY TABLE, REAMY CREPT IN SILENTLY, AND...

MMMEFFH--!



THEN...

NOW, I GOTTA GATHER UP AS MANY OF THE JEWELS AS I CAN CARRY... THEN FIND THE KITCHEN FOR SOME FOOD... HAH, THIS IS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY...!



A PERFECT CRIME... PERFECT, EXCEPT FOR...

HOLD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

UH-UH! CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG NOW!



DESPERATELY HE FLED DOWN THE LONG HALL, HIS PURSUERS CLOSE BEHIND...

THIS MUST LEAD OUTSIDE-- PANT-- IF I CAN ONLY GET OUT OF HERE, AND MAKE IT OVER THE PASS, I CAN LOSE THEM IN THE DARKNESS...



REAMY BURST OUTSIDE, AND AN ICY WIND BIT DEEP INTO HIS SOUL... AHEAD, HE SAW THE PASS--HIS ONLY ESCAPE--BLOCKED WITH NEWLY ARRIVING PILGRIMS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

OH, NO--! I COULD NEVER GET THROUGH THAT MOB! WHAT'LL I DO NOW...?

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING HE COULD DO: **RUN!** HIS HASTY FLIGHT CARRIED HIM TOWARDS THE HUGE TOWER, STANDING OMINOUSLY IN THE HALF-LIGHT...

MAYBE I CAN HIDE INSIDE THE TOWER, TILL I CAN FIGURE SOMETHING OUT... IF I ONLY HAD A GUN INSTEAD OF THIS KNIFE, I'D **SHOOT** MY WAY OUT...!

HE KICKED OPEN THE WOODEN DOOR, THE TOWER'S ONLY ENTRANCE, AND FOUND HIMSELF IN A GREAT CIRCULAR CHAMBER, ILLUMINATED BY AN EERIE GLOW FROM THE WALLS...

WOW, WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS...?

OUTSIDE, HE COULD HEAR KA-TUNG! AND THE OTHERS APPROACHING, THEIR VOICES HARSH AND EXCITED. DESPERATELY REAMY LOOKED AROUND. THERE WAS ONLY ONE AVENUE OF ESCAPE...

DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS LEADS, BUT THEY'LL KILL ME IF I STAY DOWN HERE...

THE STAIRS SPIRALED UPWARDS THROUGH AN OPENING AND INTO ANOTHER CHAMBER...

LORD, THOSE IDOLS! THIS MUST BE THEIR ROOM OF WORSHIP OR SOMETHING.



FROM BELOW REAMY COULD HEAR KA-TUNG'S VOICE, CALLING TO HIM...



REAMY LOOKED UP, BUT IN THE DIM LIGHT, THE STAIRCASE SEEMED TO FADE INTO A VEIL OF DARKNESS THAT HUNG IN THE TOWER'S DOME...

GREAT DANGER-- THAT'S A LAUGH! THERE'S MORE DANGER IF I STAY DOWN HERE AND LET THEM CATCH ME!



AGAIN HE CLIMBED, AND AGAIN KA-TUNG'S VOICE REACHED HIM FROM BELOW...



HEEDLESS OF THE OLD PRIEST'S WARNINGS REAMY CLIMBED THROUGH THE VEIL OF CLAMMY DARKNESS AND UP TO THE TOWER'S TOPMOST CHAMBER...WHERE...



THE JEWELLED DOOR!!--REAMY'S SENSES REELED FROM THE SIZE OF IT, AND IT SPARKLED WITH SUCH INTENSITY THAT IT HURT HIS EYES...

WITH THIS, I'D BE THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH! I--HUH?



THE OLD PRIEST HAD CLIMBED AFTER HIM, AND TO REAMY IT WAS LIKE FINDING A TICKET TO SAFETY...

I'M NOT THE FOOL OLD MAN-- **YOU** ARE! NOW THAT I HAVE YOU AS A HOSTAGE, I CAN FORCE THE REST OF 'EM TO LET ME GO IN SAFETY! HAH! I'LL GET OUT OF HERE YET!



THE OLD MAN SMILED SADLY, MAKING NO MOVE TO RESIST...

NO, YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE. DOASHA WILL SEE TO THAT...

DOASHA? LOOK DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME WITH YOUR MUMBO-JUMBO, BECAUSE I WON'T BUY IT!



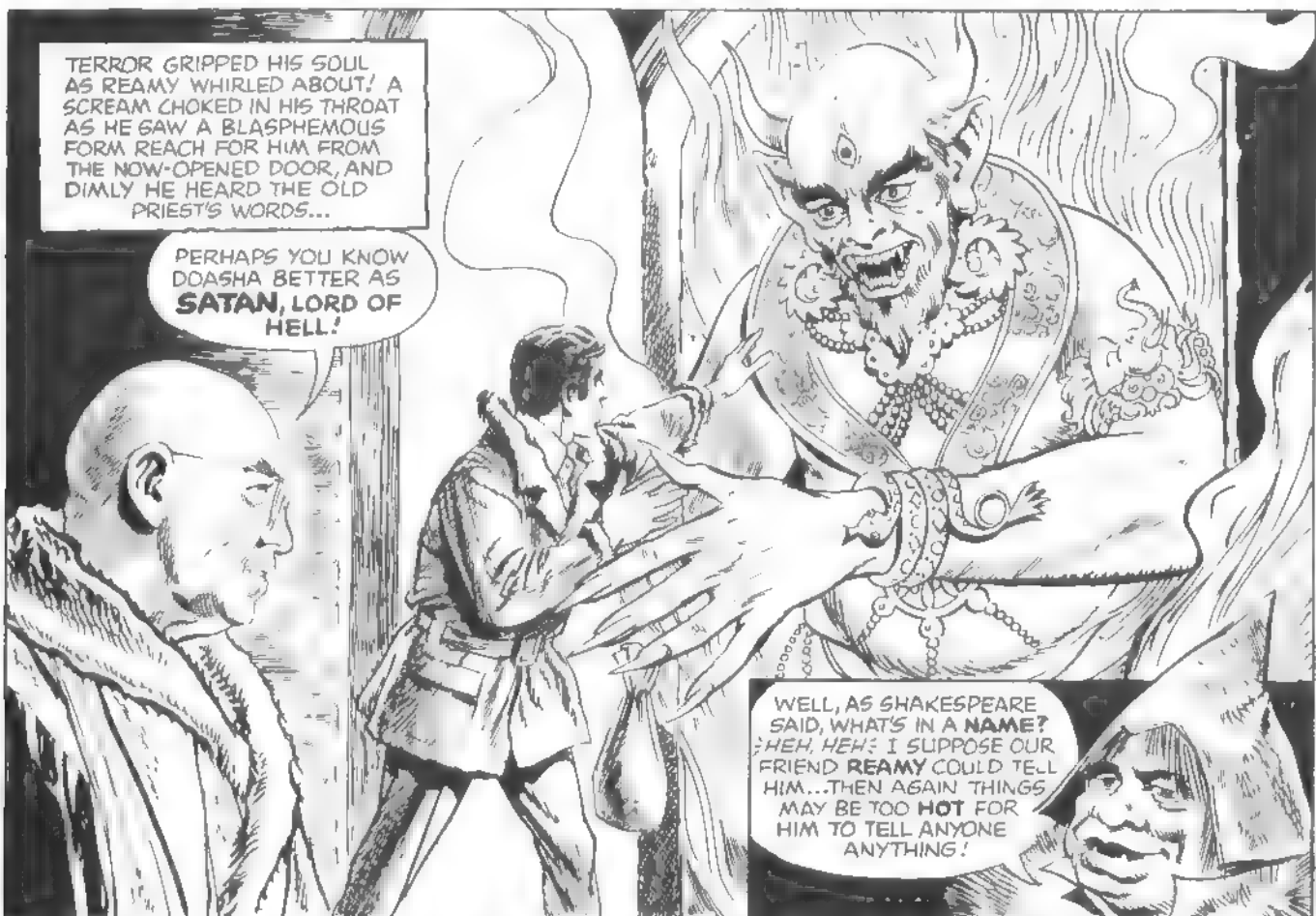
A LOUD, CLANGING SOUND SUDDENLY FILLED THE CHAMBER AND REAMY FELT A WAVE OF BURNING SULPHUR ENGULF HIM...

IT IS NOT MUMBO-JUMBO! DOES NOT THE NAME DOASHA MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? PERHAPS YOU KNOW HIM BETTER IN THE WESTERN TONGUE...



TERROR GRIPPED HIS SOUL AS REAMY WHIRLED ABOUT! A SCREAM CHOKED IN HIS THROAT AS HE SAW A BLASPHEMOUS FORM REACH FOR HIM FROM THE NOW-OPENED DOOR, AND DIMLY HE HEARD THE OLD PRIEST'S WORDS...

PERHAPS YOU KNOW DOASHA BETTER AS **SATAN, LORD OF HELL!**



WELL, AS SHAKESPEARE SAID, WHAT'S IN A NAME? HEH, HEH: I SUPPOSE OUR FRIEND REAMY COULD TELL HIM...THEN AGAIN THINGS MAY BE TOO HOT FOR HIM TO TELL ANYONE ANYTHING!



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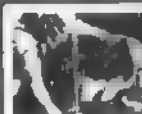
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FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly gauze. <sup>and</sup> has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75

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CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly ghastly secrets? It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95



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WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95



## TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 feet version, full of terror, torment and sensational shock. A must for the horror film collector. Half-hour running time. 8mm, \$10.95



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DAUNTLESS DRACULA is at it again, slinking through the London fog for his victims. Bela Lugosi gives one of the greatest performances of his career, in this classic film. Fiends, vampires, screams. In this famous film. Add this to your collection. It is tops. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75



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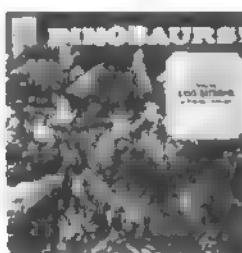
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AHH, THE TAINTED TINGE OF TREMBLING **TOMES** WAFTING IN THE EVENING AIR... THE ODORS OF **MUSK** AND **MIST** DRIFTING FROM VOLUMES OF FORGOTTEN **LORE!** COME INTO THE WORLD OF **LOVECRAFT**, **POE** AND **HOWARD**... INTO THE LAND OF LITERATURE... INTO THE **SUR-NATURAL** HABITAT OF THE ...

# BOOKWORM

.. **BOOKS!** HOW DID YOU EVER DO IT MR. QUESLEY? WHY... THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF VOLUMES HERE!

HARD WORK, MY BOY HARD WORK. THAT'S THE ANSWER TO EVERY PROBLEM, MY LAD... **HARD WORK** NEVER KILLED **ANYONE!**



ASTONISHING! I THOUGHT **MY** COLLECTION WAS EXTENSIVE... BUT **THIS!** I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! IT'LL CERTAINLY BE AN **HONOR** TO WORK FOR YOU, SIR.

MINE, MINE. ALL MINE, MY DEAR GALS WORTH SOMETIMES IT GETS A MITE **LOVELY** IN THE STACKS, SO TO SPEAK, AND I FIND MYSELF **YEARNING** FOR HUMAN... COMPANIONSHIP.

**CLURRSHIP!**

EH? WHAT ARE THOSE **SOUNDS?**

THE **PLUMBING!** IT... IT KEEPS ACTING **UP** LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW KEEP MEANING TO HAVE IT **FIXED...**

**CLURRSHIP! CLURRSHIP! CLURRSHIP!**





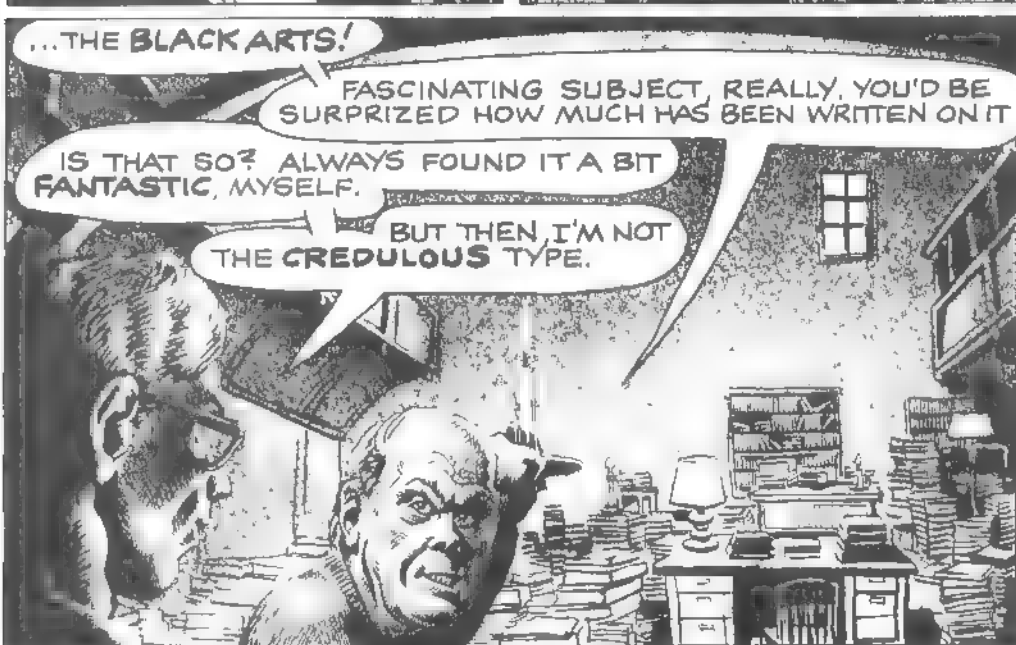
...BUT THERE ARE SO **MANY** THINGS TO DO! I HAVE TO KEEP ALL THE BOOKS **DUSTED**, YOU KNOW. HAVE TO KEEP THEM DRY! AND THE **RESEARCH!**

AHHH...



...I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK WITH YOU ABOUT THAT, SIR. THE **ADVERTISEMENT** WASN'T AT ALL SPECIFIC. JUST WHAT SORT OF RESEARCH ARE YOU **PERFORMING?**

IT'S A PET SUBJECT OF MINE. I'M DOING A FEW PAPERS ON IT FOR THE **SCIENCE QUARTERLY**. LITTLE THING...



...THE **BLACK ARTS!**

FASCINATING SUBJECT, REALLY. YOU'D BE SURPRIZED HOW MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ON IT

IS THAT SO? ALWAYS FOUND IT A BIT **FANTASTIC**, MYSELF.

BUT THEN, I'M NOT THE **CREPULOUS** TYPE.



NO, NO, YOU DON'T **LOOK** IT EITHER!



WHAT'S **THAT** SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

OH, NOTHING. NOTHING, REALLY. SOME MEDICAL JOURNALS HAVE TRIED TO ESTABLISH A CONNECTION BETWEEN CRANIAL SIZE AND THE **GULLIBILITY** QUOTIENT. YOUR HEAD IS MUCH TOO LARGE FOR THE **MYSTIC** TYPE...



WHY, THAT'S **UTTER NONSENSE!**

IS IT? I HADN'T THOUGHT SO. WELL, WE'LL SEE. WE SHALL SEE. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE **ACCOMODATIONS!**

**GGLUSSSPP = GGLSPHURSH!**



ECHOES REVERBERATE THROUGH THE ANCIENT CHAMBER AS THE OLD MAN LEAVES...

NUTTY AS A FRUIT CAKE! HE'LL HAVE ME CLIMBING THE WALLS IN A WEEK! IF I DIDN'T NEED THIS JOB SO BADLY... I'D SKIP OUT IN A MINUTE!

AND WHAT DOES HE MEAN... PLUMBING? THOSE ARE THE WEIRDEST PIPE GURLINGS I'VE EVER HEARD!



AND IT'S CHILLY DOWN HERE. DAMP, TOO. I'LL PROBABLY HAVE A DAMN COLD BY THE TIME HE DECIDES TO SHOW UP AGAIN. CRAZY. ABSOLUTELY CRAZY!

BUT HE'S GOT SO MANY BOOKS!



THIS WHOLE PLACE JUST GIVES ME THE CREEPS! LAY ODDS THAT SOME SORT OF GOREY SKELETON COMES PLOPPING OUT OF A CLOSET BEFORE THE NIGHTS OUT...

... IF OLD FATHER FRANKENSTEIN DOESN'T BLOW MY MIND FIRST!



BUT THE RELUCTANT SCHOLAR STICKS IT OUT... AND THE NEXT EVENING, AS HE ARRIVES TO TAKE UP HIS ACADEMIC DUTIES...

OUTASITE! SOME OF THE BOOKS THAT OLD BOY HAD... THE SECRET OF WITCHCRAFT... TREATISE ON SATANISM... THE BLACK BOOK OF GALTH... WHHHHEE-OOO!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?



IT COMES... LIKE A WHISPERING WRAITH FROM THE TWILIGHT SHORES... IT COMES! A MOVING INKBLOT ACROSS THE FACE OF THE NIGHT...

OH MY GOD!





WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? THIS IS INSANE! UTTERLY **MAD**! I... I MUST BE... BE **DREAMING** THIS. IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

THOSE BOOKS... ALL THOSE BOOKS ON **HORROR**... ON **FANTASY**... THEY MUST HAVE **GOTTEN** TO ME... SEEPED THROUGH INTO MY MIND!



I'VE GOT TO **FIND OUT**! THIS IS JUST TOO INCREDIBLE TO BELIEVE... IT... IT MUST BE MY **IMAGINATION**! OF COURSE... THAT'S GOT TO BE **IT**!



*BUT THE MIDNIGHT SOUNDS SEEM STRANGER NOW... LESS FRIENDLY. THE HOLLOW MOANS OF THE CITY SEEM SOMEHOW COLD AND DISTANT... DISTANT, LIKE THE CRY OF WIND ON AN AUTUMN EVE...*

CREAKING WOOD MOANS...



ANCIENT BOARDS SHRIEK...



BEADS OF SWEAT  
TREMBLE, WAITING...



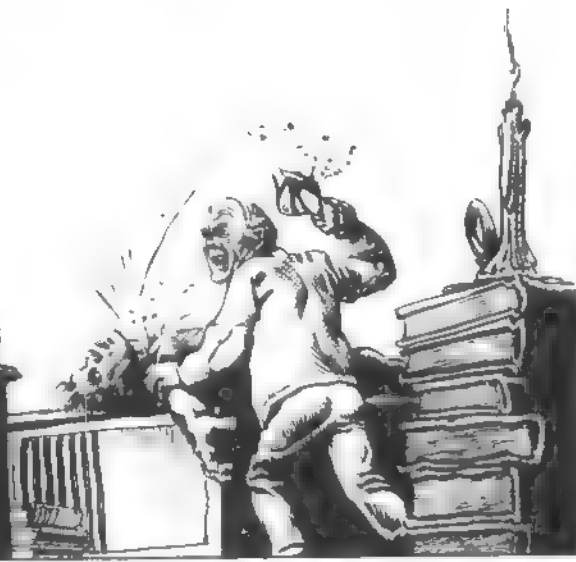
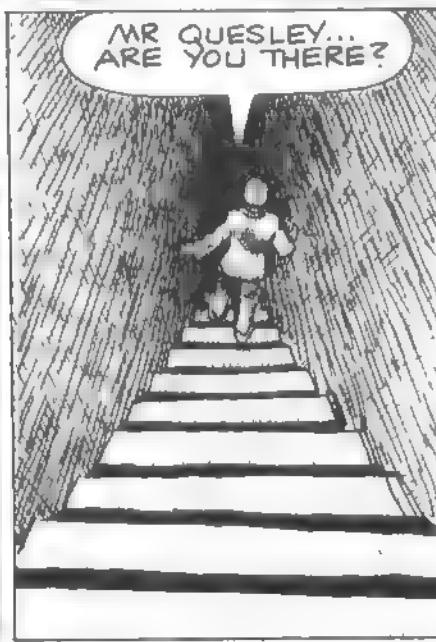
PULSING HEART...PAUSES...



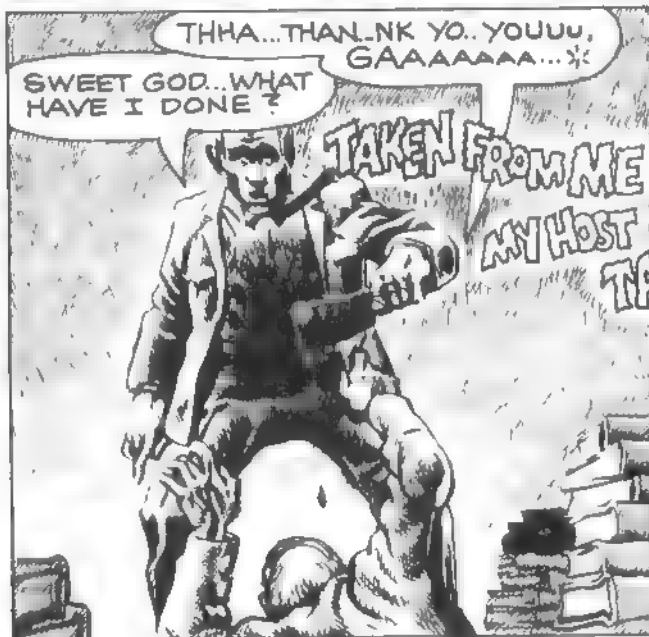
... AND LIKE THE SLAMMING OF  
SHUTTERS...DECISION ACTS!



MR QUESLEY...  
ARE YOU THERE?







THE SOUND...

WHA-WHAT IS IT?

CONJURED IT...  
**ACCIDENT!** WHITE  
SPELL...SOMEHOW  
TU-TURNED **BLACK!**  
IT...IT CAME AT ME  
...TOOK MY **SOUL**...  
HELD MY MIND...  
MADE ME **FEED**  
IT...



TRI TRIED TO GET AWAY  
...COULDN'T...COULD ONLY  
GET **BOOKS!** ALL...  
AAALL! TOO LATE...  
TOO LATE! NO USE...

IT HAD ME...  
HAD MY **MIND!**



YOU TAKE OLD FEEDER...  
ONE WHO CALLED ME UP...  
CALLED FROM DARK PLACE  
WHERE FOOD IS WARM...  
YOU **KILL FEEDER!**

MUST HAVE FEEDER  
...MUST HAVE  
**FOOD!**



YOU . YOU WILL BE NEW  
FEEDER!  
**YOU MY SLAVE NOW!**

OH MY GOD... OH MY **GOD!**

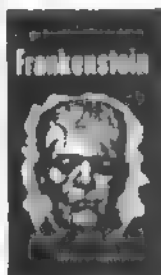


BOY, THAT QUESLEY WAS REALLY  
A BOOKWORM, WASN'T HE?  
OR AT LEAST VERY CLOSE TO ONE  
HEE HEE AND IT LOOKS LIKE  
OUR **SCHOLAR-FRIEND**  
GALSWORTH'S GOING TO SPEND  
A LOT MORE TIME WITH THOSE  
BOOKS THAN EVEN **HE**  
IMAGINED!



AND THE SOUNDS CAME CLOSER EVER CLOSER.  
IT WAS TIME FOR THE **FIRST FEED!**

## FRANKENSTEIN



"The Monster Awakes. The artificial body I had constructed with such care lay lifeless before me. My goal was in sight. I began to read the thrilling, chilling words of this masterpiece just as it was written in the original manuscript."

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# I FELL FOR YOU



THERE GOES YOUR LAST CENT, GIRL! ... YOU'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING!

AND IF YOU LEFT WITHOUT A REASON... I'D BE LEFT WITHOUT A SEASON...

AND JANET WILSON IS THINKING OF SOMETHING! NOT LONG AGO, SHE WAS THE GIRL OF BART'S DREAMS.



BART BLAKE?



HEY JANET-- WAIT UP A MINUTE!



ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I'VE GOT A DATE WITH BOB, AND I WOULDN'T BREAK IT TO GO OUT WITH A ZERO LIKE YOU!





AND HERE COMES BART BLAKE,  
THE POPULAR SINGING STAR,  
ESCORTING MISS JANET  
WILSON!



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR JANET TO MAKE BART THINK  
THAT SHE LOVED HIM AS MUCH AS HE LOVED HER.

JANET, WILL  
YOU MARRY  
ME?

OH BART! YES--  
YES, I WILL!  
I LOVE YOU!



AND  
WHILE  
BART SANG...

WHEN  
WARM  
NIGHTS  
COME...

YOU'RE  
AS MUCH OF A  
NOTHING AS YOU EVER  
WERE, YOU POOR FOOL! BUT I  
WANT YOUR MONEY, AND I  
WANT IT BADLY ENOUGH TO  
STRING YOU ALONG!



... JANET  
SULKED.

AND  
SO THEY  
WERE MARRIED...



MRS.  
BLAKE?

YES?



I'M  
STEVE KEMP,  
YOUR HUSBAND'S  
AGENT. HE SAID YOU'D  
BE HERE. MAY I SIT  
DOWN?

YES,  
PLEASE  
DO.



AND WHILE BART SANG...

IT MUST GET  
AWFULLY LONELY FOR  
YOU, BEING THE WIFE  
OF A MAN WHO'S ON  
THE ROAD ALL  
THE TIME...

IT DOES, STEVE...  
AND I'LL LEVEL  
WITH YOU! I WANT  
OUT, BADLY!

I  
WANT OUT  
TOO, JANET!  
YOUR HUSBAND IS NOT  
PAYING ME WHAT I'M  
WORTH! BUT WHAT CAN  
WE DO?

I WISH  
I KNEW...

KEEP  
IT DOWN!  
DO YOU WANT  
EVERYONE  
TO HEAR  
US?

I'VE  
FIGURED  
OUT A  
WAY TO  
DO IT--!

AND WHILE BART  
ELECTRIFIED  
AUDIENCES FROM  
COAST TO COAST...

HIS WIFE  
AND AGENT  
PLOTTED!

NEXT WEEK HE AND THE BAND ARE FLYING TO NEW YORK. I'VE BEEN WITH HIM ON SOME OF HIS TRIPS, AND I KNOW THAT HE ALWAYS PRACTICES HIS NUMBERS ON THE PLANE--STANDING UP IN THE BACK!

I KNOW-- SO WHAT?

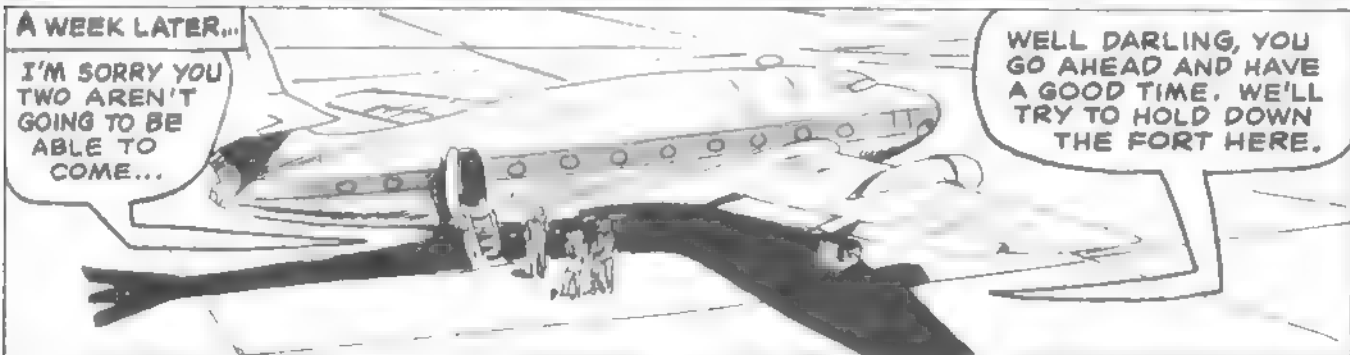
I CAN FIX THE REAR DOOR ON HIS PLANE SO THAT IT WILL FLY OPEN WHEN THE PLANE REACHES A CERTAIN SPEED! IT WILL BE AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT-- AND WE'LL SPLIT THE INSURANCE MONEY 50-50!

AGREED.



A WEEK LATER...

I'M SORRY YOU TWO AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO COME...



WELL DARLING, YOU GO AHEAD AND HAVE A GOOD TIME. WE'LL TRY TO HOLD DOWN THE FORT HERE.

I'LL SEE YOU TWO IN A FEW DAYS!

GOODBYE, BART-- KNOCK 'EM DEAD!

GOODBYE, HONEY!

SO LONG SUCKER!



BOY, AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!

ME TOO! WE SHOULD BE CUTTING INTO THOSE BLAKE MILLIONS ANY TIME NOW!



WHILE ABOVE...



LET'S RUN THROUGH  
THAT NEW NUMBER!

"I'LL REASSURE  
MYSELF WITH LAZY  
DREAMS-- WHAA?"







AND NOW, HERE'S BART BLAKE'S BIG NEW SOUND-- "I FELL FOR YOU!"

LISTEN, STEVE!



I USED TO THINK IT WOULD NEVER WORK!



SCREEEEEEE



SPLAT!



I FELL FOR YOU...

"WELL, BART BLAKE REALLY SHOWED HE COULD *CROONCH* A SMASH TUNE, DIDN'T HE? TOO BAD FOR JANET AND KEMP THEY WERE BELTED IN AS BART REALLY BELTED IT OUT, AND SOARED DOWN FROM HIS *DIRGE-ABLE!* (CHEH-NEH!) WING IT, KIDDIES!"





# EERIE FANTASIES

Our first story comes to us from an aspiring writer who shows great promise...

## THE MISUNDERSTANDING

by Clayton Cox

In the Beginning their was God. And God would create He brought into existence the Earth. And God gave to the Earth, trees, flowers, air, water, animals, and all things which were good. Most important He gave to the Earth many secrets and mysteries. Everything was in balance. God wanted someone to see His Earth and find the things which He had hidden. So God brought into existence Man and He gave to Man Freedom. Man was one together, He would discover and learn. Man would live in Truth.

Man searched and found food and shelter. Man discovered many good things but Man was imperfect, so he discovered desire. Man gave into desire and thus brought about confusion. Man no longer wanted to discover. He wanted to create. First man created Fear. Fear caused him to separate. Next Man created War. Man no longer lived in Truth. So Man struggled and created down through Time.

One day Man stumbled upon Knowledge. Knowledge was Gods greatest gift to Man and Knowledge was the Key. Man believed HE had created Knowledge and He would use it. But since Man longer lived in Truth He misunderstood Knowledge. Man became involved in a Fantasy He called being Civilized. So Civilized Man with 'misunderstood Knowledge began creating and progressing lustfully. Man stepped on entire Cultures and Races. He stepped on anyone or anything. Worst of all, He stepped on Gods Earth. The Earth was no longer in balance. Man's only excuse, he must build a future. Man still believes he is right. So man creates, his children in his own image to carry on, create, progress, and grow.



The above is a pencil rendering of a story written by Kevin Schaffer of Madison Wisconsin. The title of this story is "Into The Jungle" centered around the main character, 'Talion'. We wanted to print the story but it posed an editing problem in its length. (Over 500 words) TOO lengthy for these pages.

## REVERSAL

By Michael Carlisle

"Wake! Awake, I say! Bah, another failure! This is the fifteenth time I've failed in creating life! But Frankenstein shall not fail! Though the townspeople are suspicious of the increasing amount of disappearances lately, I shall not give up my quest to give life to a lifeless body! But hold! What is that clamor outside? Sounds like an angry mob!"

"Come out, you monster!"

"We're wise to you now, Frankenstein! Come out or we'll burn yer castle down with you in it!"

"Stop him! Stop the monster!"

"Look, look! The door's opening! He's coming out!"

"Get him! Grab him! Grab the murderer! Don't let him get away... EEEAAAGGGHHHH!"

"We're too late! He's already created IT! Run! RUN! RUN!"

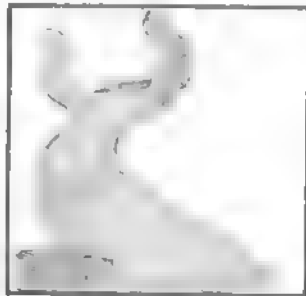
Look at those fools run! Hah! Baron Frankenstein created me so hideous, that my appearance is too much for anyone to bear to look at! I was so enraged at my reflection in the mirror that I killed Frankenstein instantly! But now I find my energy is slowly being drained from my massive body that I need someone much more intelligent than myself to find a cure for me. But now I must go back to bring my master back to life... or I'll perish!

We seem to have acquired a continuous contributor in CRAIG HILL, because he keeps sending in stories, poems, sketches, suggestions, criticisms... he send in everything but the kitchen sink. But we couldn't resist his latest offering. This poem he's written sounds as though it could be the lyrics to a pop rock song. What do you think? (We hope it's not.)

## AIN'T IT NOT FUNKY NOW BROTHER

By Craig Hill

Finding new ways to figure,  
There are new ways to teach,  
My brother is now finding  
a communitive reach,  
Babies gonna march  
through snow,  
Gonna plow her feet,  
My Sister is gonna mix  
and meet,  
People growing up so so soon,  
Grasping for the future,  
Population dancing  
to the new tune,  
For the future is not of  
to preach,  
But bringing faith to work  
is slept on thee,  
Maybe they can daze  
but not me,  
Devil watching victims in pit,  
Satans watching-too,  
We shall work finding  
not to split,  
His hand caressing her death,  
Are you to chicken out  
You haven't seen the  
starting—so how do you  
know what it's all about

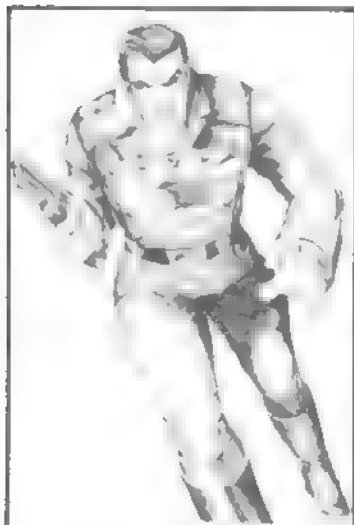


Craig also sent in this illustration to accompany his poem (above).





The above illustration is by Stephen Leialoha of Pacifica, Calif., who aspires to do comic art for any publications who'll have him. In his letter, he stated that he worked on several fanzines and is an admirer of Frank Frazetta and Jeff Jones. (Obvious, isn't it?)



The carefully rendered drawing at left was sent to us by STEPHEN LEIALOHA of Pacifica, Calif., who says he's drawn for his college magazine and various other fanzines.

The fellow on the right is demanding we print this drawing sent in by ROBERT MONAHAN (R. HANS) of Bellport, N.Y. (We wonder if it's a self portrait.)



## YOUR LAST CHILD IS LEAVING

by Ken Haubrock

The year, he wasn't too sure, was sometime in the 5,000's, 6,000's.

The date—he didn't know about that either, June 8, or was it December 21?

His name—was it George, no it was Tom, no, now he remembered: Paul . . . Frye . . . no, Paul Shane. The last man on the Earth.

Age—was it 64 or 86, no 72, yes, that's it!

How long had he been the last man on Earth? Long enough to travel from Los Angeles to Chicago on foot and bicycle. Long enough to see The Birth of a Nation, Gone With the Wind, 2001, a Space Odyssey, and Olives and Branches fifty-two times. And long enough to become half insane ten times.

Fifty years ago, when he was 22, it had all been great fun. Hopping into a car and driving down to Hollywood, going 100 miles an hour all the way.

And, when reaching Hollywood, running up to Universal Studios and browsing through film storage rooms, sometimes pulling out a film he had hated and throwing it through a window or unwinding it completely.

Then running to a prop room, grabbing a gun, loading it with red paint filled bullets, then shooting it at a dummy.

Yes sir, when he was 20, athletic, handsome (though it didn't do him any good) and strong, it was all wonderfully exciting.

But now, age 72, fifty years older, it wasn't wonderful or fun. Now he was old, weak and ugly, spending his remaining years in bed. Ten years ago he had given up hope of a rocket coming from a distant planet colony. He had watched through telescopes for weeks looking for a rocket. He had even gone to the moon and watched for months, waiting for a silver bullet to drop from the sky. For weeks had listened to the silent corridors of the deserted moon colony hoping for a person to come walking up a ramp. Even if he did find a survivor now it wouldn't help. He was old, sick and slightly violent. Now, if he

had found a companion fifty or even forty years ago it would have been wonderful. But now all his companion could do would be to take care of him until he died. For 50 years he had lived alone. For months, sometimes, he had been delirious. Death had been a thing of the future. Now it was far too close. Fifteen years ago he had dug a grave. Three feet wide, six feet deep. He had carved out his own name on a white marble headstone. Just last year he had placed it above the grave. He had picked out a black coffin, red satin inside. It was a gruesome thing to pick out your own headstone and coffin. It was maddening to dig your own grave.

Four months ago he had decided to give himself a proper burial. He would lower the coffin into the grave, then he would climb down, get inside and shoot himself.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to pay homage to Paul Timothy Shane. He was a great man, generous to a fault. He never said an unkind word to anyone. And, Lord, if he ever committed a sin, please forgive him. Let him into your kingdom with open arms. Amen."

Paul Shane looked up to see the imaginary audience's reaction. Looking back at him was the sky, the wind, the clouds and the earth. A tear came to his eye. He brushed it away.

Slowly he climbed down into his coffin. "From ashes to ashes, Dust to Dust. Paul Shane, the last man to die. Date of death, 11:05 p.m., some time in August, 5569 or 5572. Goodbye Mother Earth, your last child is leaving."

And a shot rang out loud and clear, echoing back and forth.

The Golden I, like a silver bullet, had dropped out of the sky at 11:00 P.M. The four man crew had walked for five minutes when a shot rang out. They arrived at the grave in a minute. They were the last one to gaze upon Paul Shane. After burying him the Earth colonists left a planet they thought to be new only to find out it was the planet Earth and started their journey back towards Regus VI in Sector 8 of the Andromeda Galaxy.

Like a silver bullet they shot up into the sky. And Paul Shane was left to return to ashes and dust.

## GET INVOLVED!

We'd like to print a story or a picture of yours on the FANFARE pages. Why not send us one? Drawings in black ink, stories 100 words or less!

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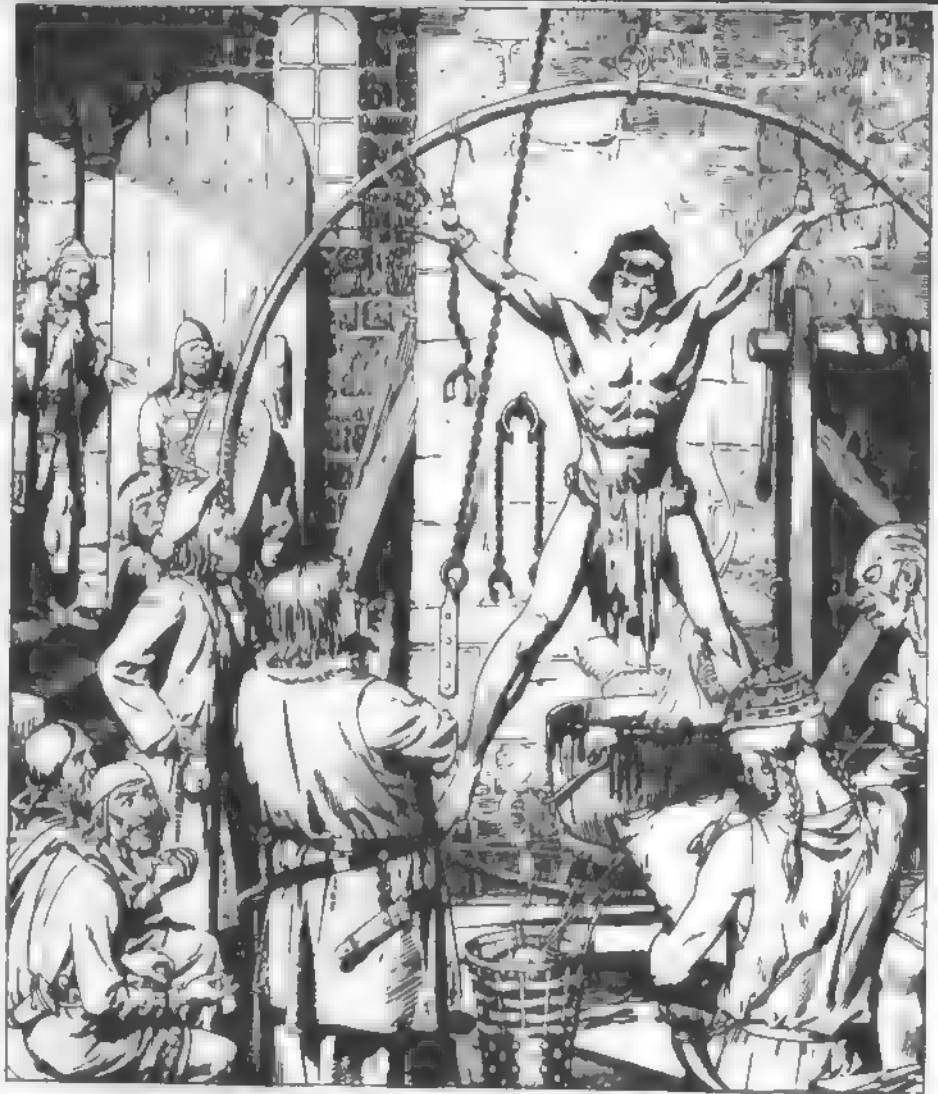
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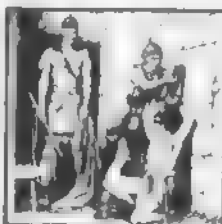
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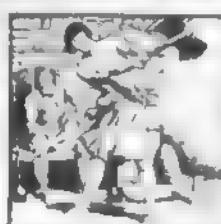
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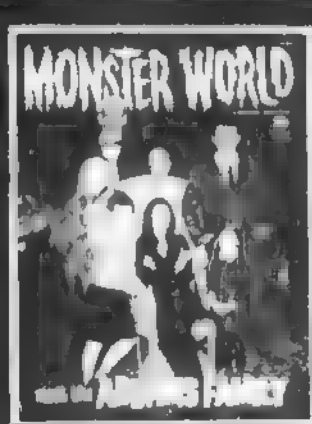
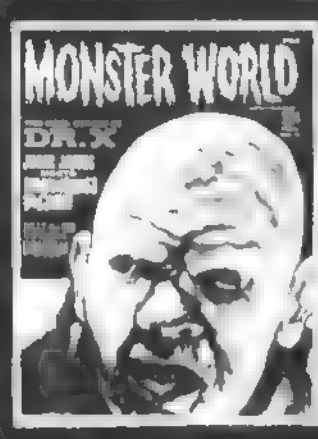
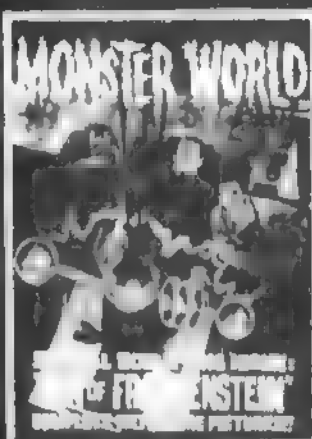
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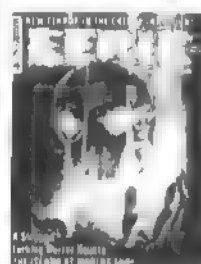
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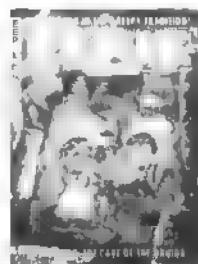
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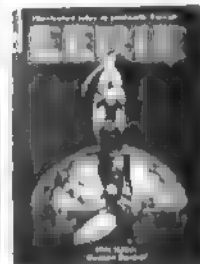
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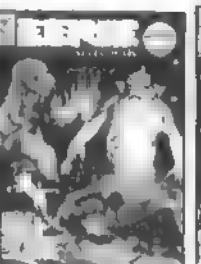
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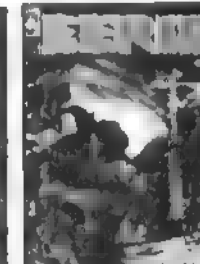
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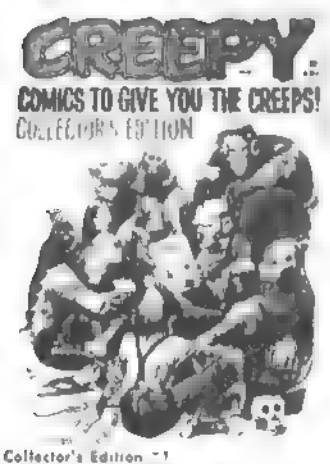
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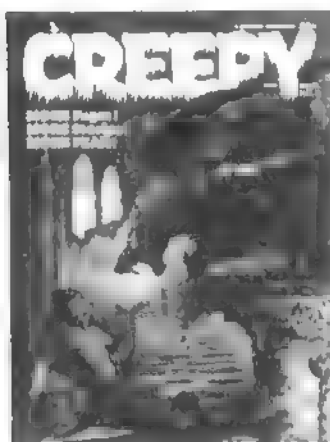
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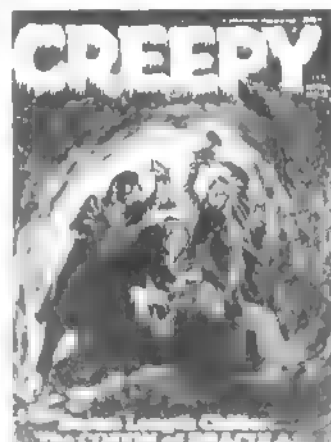
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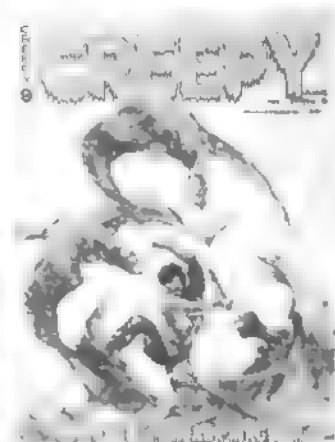
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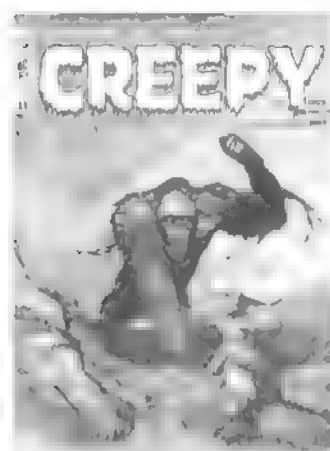
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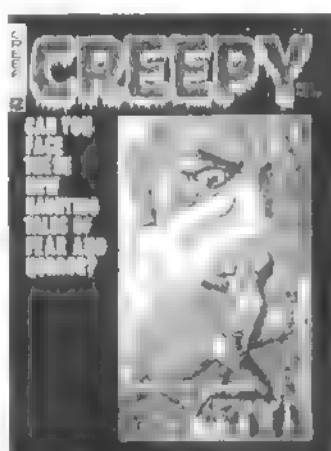
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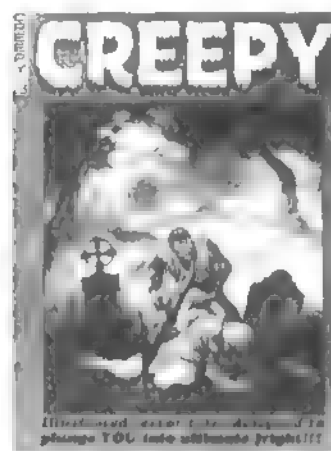
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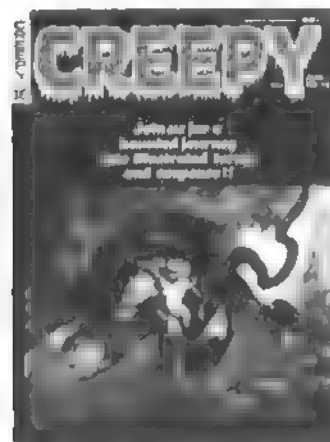
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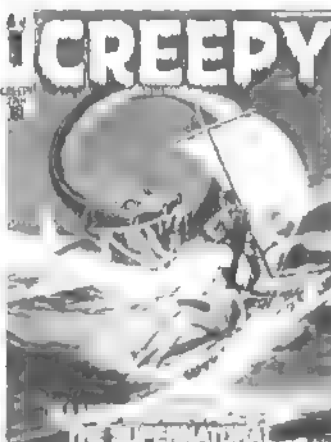
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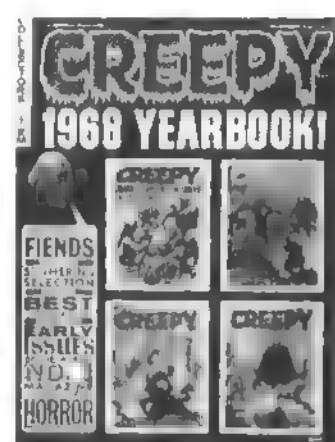
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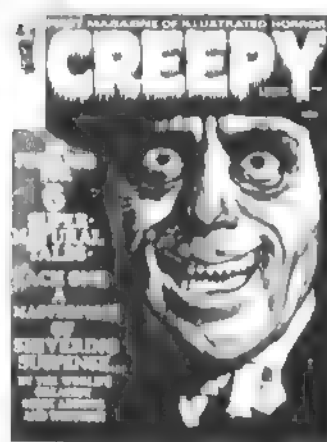




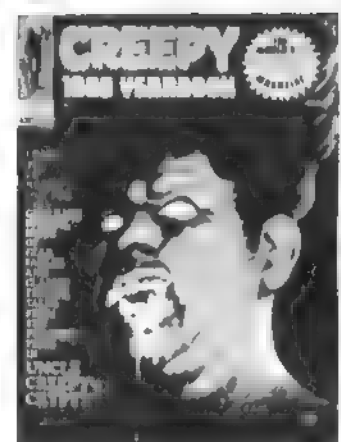
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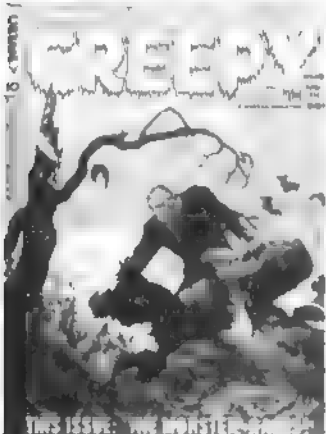
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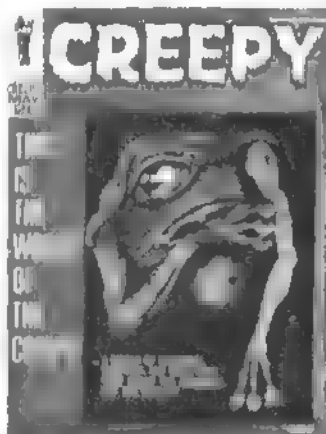
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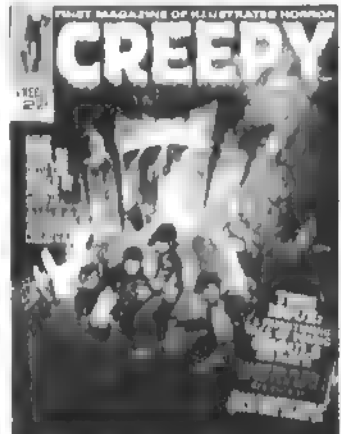
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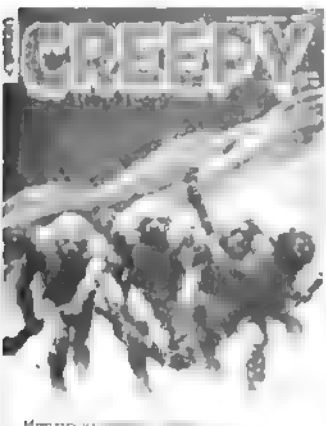
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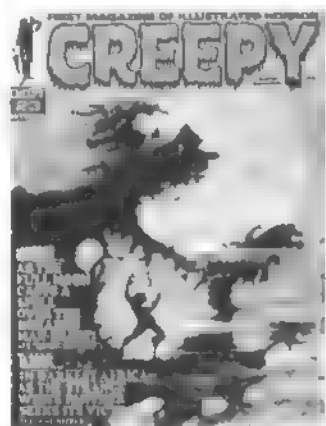
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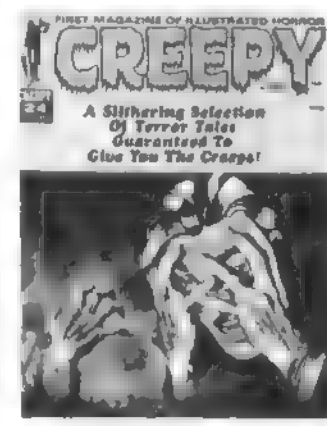
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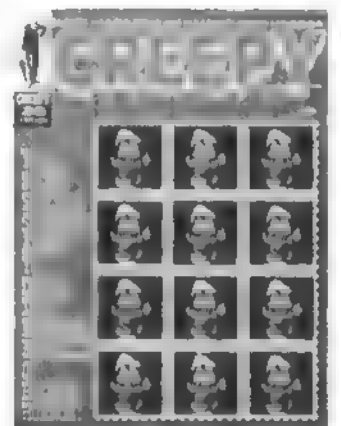
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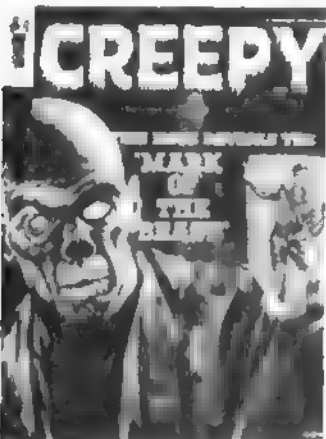
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YOU HEAR A LOT  
ABOUT **POWER**  
THESE DAYS...

THERE'S  
**FLOWER**  
POWER...

AND  
**BLACK**  
POWER...

AND  
**GREEN**  
POWER...

BUT NOTHIN' CAN  
RAISE THE **DEVIL**  
LIKE A LI'L BIT O'

# SOUL POWER!

THE DRYING RAYS OF THE SUN BEAT DOWN UPON THE WEEK-OLD CORPSE, EXPOSING THE WHITE BONES THROUGH TATTERED REMNANTS OF CLOTHING...

...AND THE HOT AIR IS FILLED WITH FLUTTERING FEATHERS, AS HUNGRY BEAKS, EXTENDED TALONS SWOOP DOWN, TEARING AND GASHING THE HUMAN FOOD THAT REMAINS IN THE DESERT SAND...

MIKE ROYER

THE IMAGE OF DEATH AND POST-DEATH VIBRATES...THEN FADES! REALITY RETURNS...

GAHHH!  
NO! THOSE  
**BEAKS!** THE  
**CLAWS!** KEEP  
OFF OF ME!  
...KEEP...

IT  
**WASN'T**  
REAL!

JUST **ANOTHER**  
ONE OF THOSE  
GOD-AWFUL  
**DREAMS!**

ANOTHER  
NIGHT OF  
...**TORTURE!**  
WITHOUT  
**SLEEP!**

SAM BROWNE RUBS HIS EYES, CLEARING THEM OF THE MINUTE PARTICLES OF SLEEP! HE SHAKES HIS HEAD TO FULL AWARENESS...THEN MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE DARKENED KITCHEN.



HE CLICKS ON THE LIGHT... BREATHES DEEPLY... THEN WALKS WITH CONSIDERABLE EFFORT ACROSS THE ROOM...



THE VOICE IS VIBRANT...YET AS FOREBODING AS THE GRAVE...

HUH? WHAT?  
WHO SAID  
**THAT!** I  
DON'T **SEE**  
ANYONE!

THEN THERE IS THE BURNING  
SMELL OF...

**FIRE AND  
BRIMSTONE!**  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

**WHERE  
DID YOU  
COME  
FROM?**

COME  
NOW, SAM  
BROWNE!

SURELY YOU  
DON'T EXPECT  
ME TO  
BELIEVE YOU  
**DON'T  
KNOW!**

**THE DEVIL!**  
WHAT ARE YOU  
**DOING** HERE?

I WON'T  
PUT UP WITH  
THE LIKES OF  
YOU IN  
MY HOUSE!

NOW, NOW,  
SAM! SETTLE  
DOWN! I'LL  
ADMIT THAT  
YOU DIDN'T  
**CALL ON**  
ME...

AT  
LEAST NOT  
**DIRECTLY!**  
SO DON'T  
TAKE IT  
**PERSONALLY**  
THAT I'VE  
APPEARED...  
I CAME ON  
**MY OWN!**

WHY NOT SIT  
DOWN, SAM, AND  
LET ME TELL YOU  
ALL **ABOUT IT!**

ALL RIGHT! I  
GUESS I CAN  
AT LEAST  
**HEAR YOU**  
OUT!

THAT'S BEING  
**SENSIBLE, SAM!**  
IN A SENSE, YOUR  
OWN **SUBCONSCIOUS**  
INFORMED ME OF  
YOUR **PLIGHT!**

YOU SEE,  
I **KNOW** OF  
YOUR FEAR  
OF DEATH  
AND DECAY THAT  
CONSTANTLY GNAWS  
AT YOUR OWN  
**SANITY!**

SO THAT  
IS WHY  
**I'M**  
HERE, SAM  
BROWNE!

YOU SEE, I  
HAVE **VAST POWERS**  
...POWERS THAT  
REACH **BEYOND**  
THE BODY...  
POWER TO **KEEP**  
THE **SOUL** INSIDE  
THE BODY...

SO?

...AND  
THUS  
**PREVENT  
DEATH!**



WHAT!! YOU CAN STOP ME FROM DYING? STOP MY SOUL FROM LEAVING MY BODY?!

THAT...TO PUT IT IN MORTAL TERMS IS IT IN A NUTSHELL!

HMMMM! TO LIVE FOREVER...NEVER DIE! AND NEVER BE TORMENTED BY THOSE DREAMS...

AFTER A FASHION...

NOW PLEASE UNHAND ME...

I DISLIKE BEING TOUCHED!

OKEY...SO WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO GET THIS...THIS IMMORTALITY?

I SUPPOSE YOU WANT THE USUAL FEE FOR YOUR...WORK!

YOU MEAN YOUR SOUL? COME NOW, SAM BROWNE!

LET'S BE REALISTIC ABOUT THIS! I MEAN, HOW CAN I CLAIM YOUR SOUL AS MY OWN...IF IT REMAINS LOCKED WITHIN YOUR BODY THROUGHOUT ETERNITY!

A MILLION CONSIDERATIONS BANG AGAINST THE WALLS OF SAM BROWNE'S MIND... THEN...

YES...I'LL DO IT! YES! I DON'T SEE HOW ANYTHING CAN GO WRONG WITH A DEAL LIKE THIS!

OKEY... KEEP MY SOUL INSIDE MY BODY! LET ME LIVE FOREVER!

SO... WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO NOW?

SIGN THIS CONTRACT...JUST TO MAKE IT... LEGAL! THEN, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WAIT!

WAIT, SAM BROWNE... AND I CAN ASSURE YOU, YOU'LL NEVER DIE!



UNTIL... AFTER THE PASSING OF DECADES...

THE NIGHTMARES! WORSE THAN EVER! AND YET, I'M STILL GOING, BUT READY TO DROP DEAD FROM OLD AGE AT ANY MOMENT!

DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN GO ON... (COUGH)

AND MORE DECADES...

(HACK!) ALMOST TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD... AND STILL ALIVE B-BUT... PEOPLE IN... TOWNS CAN'T STAND SIGHT... OF ME...

DESERT... SOLITUDE... ONLY PLACE FOR ME...!

BLASTED VULTURES... (COUGH) JUST WAITIN' FOR ME TO DIE!... BUT I CAN'T! NEVER! BUT I CAN'T (HACK)... KEEP WALKIN' EITHER! LEGS WON'T HOLD... ANY LONGER...

GONNA... FALLLL...!

THE LONG, STEAMING DESERT DAYS PASS. THE SCAVENGERS GATHER, AND WAIT... WAIT BEFORE THE ANCIENT FORM OF SAM BROWNE...

BODY'S SHRIVELLING... DECAYING... CAN'T MOVE MY LIMBS ANY LONGER... THE VULTURES! OH LORD! I WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT OFF THE VULTURES--!

THIS IS HELL! WORSE THAN HELL... WHO COULD GO ON LIVING LIKE THIS...

NOW I KNOW WHAT THE DEVIL MEANT... NOW I'M READY!

AT LAST THE LIVING, FELLING, TRAPPED SPIRIT DECIDES TO CALL UPON ITS MASTER TO CLAIM HIS SOUL-TROPHY AND END THE TORMENT AT HAND! HE TRIES TO CALL OUT, BUT...

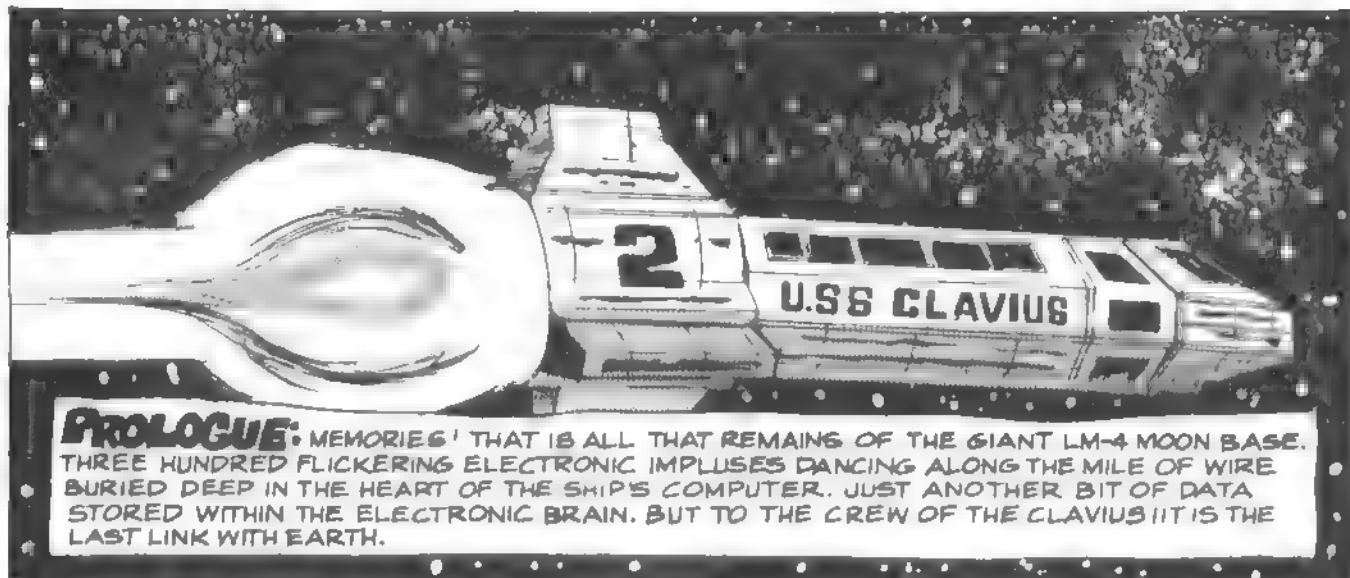
HEE HEE HEE!

TOO BAD, SAM BROWNE-I WARNED YOU! YOU WAITED TOO LONG! YOU SEE, IT'S HARD TO SCREAM WHEN YOUR TONGUE AND VOCAL CORDS HAVE BEEN GONE FOR...

WELL, AT YOUR AGE, SAM, IT'S HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF TIME... VERY HARD!

LEAVE IT TO SATAN TO LEAVE A FELLA IN SUCH A ROTTEN SITUATION!

AND BEFORE THINGS FALL COMPLETELY APART, LET'S HOP A VULTURE TO MY NEXT MORBID MORSEL!



**PROLOGUE:** MEMORIES! THAT IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE GIANT LM-4 MOON BASE. THREE HUNDRED FLICKERING ELECTRONIC IMPLUSES DANCING ALONG THE MILE OF WIRE BURIED DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE SHIP'S COMPUTER. JUST ANOTHER BIT OF DATA STORED WITHIN THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN. BUT TO THE CREW OF THE CLAVIUS IT IS THE LAST LINK WITH EARTH.



ALL RIGHT HARRY, I'LL TAKE OVER. ... NOW DON'T TELL ME, LET ME GUESS. ALL SYSTEMS A OK! RIGHT?

NOT TONIGHT! THE FORWARD SENORS PICKED UP SOME STRANGE BLIPS ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO. NOW THE COMPUTER HAS GONE BANANAS THE STUFF COMING OUT OF THAT BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN IS INCREDIBLE!



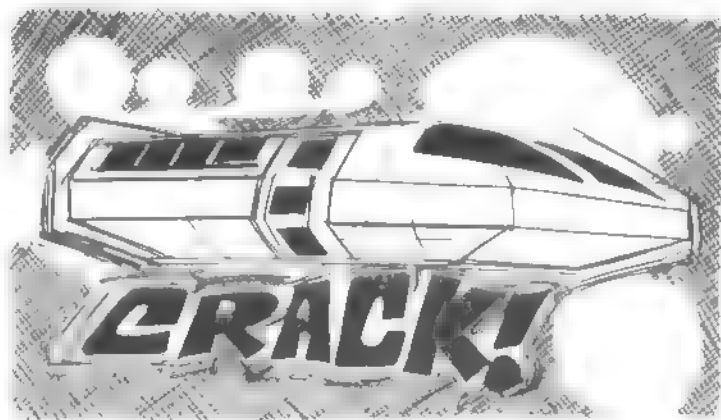
WELL...WHAT IN THE HELL IS IT?



THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER. THE CHEMICAL FORMULA FOR ETHYPENE-PROPYLENE AND SILICONE... RUBBER!

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

SUDDENLY A STRANGE SHOWER OF METEORITES HIT THE SPACESHIP

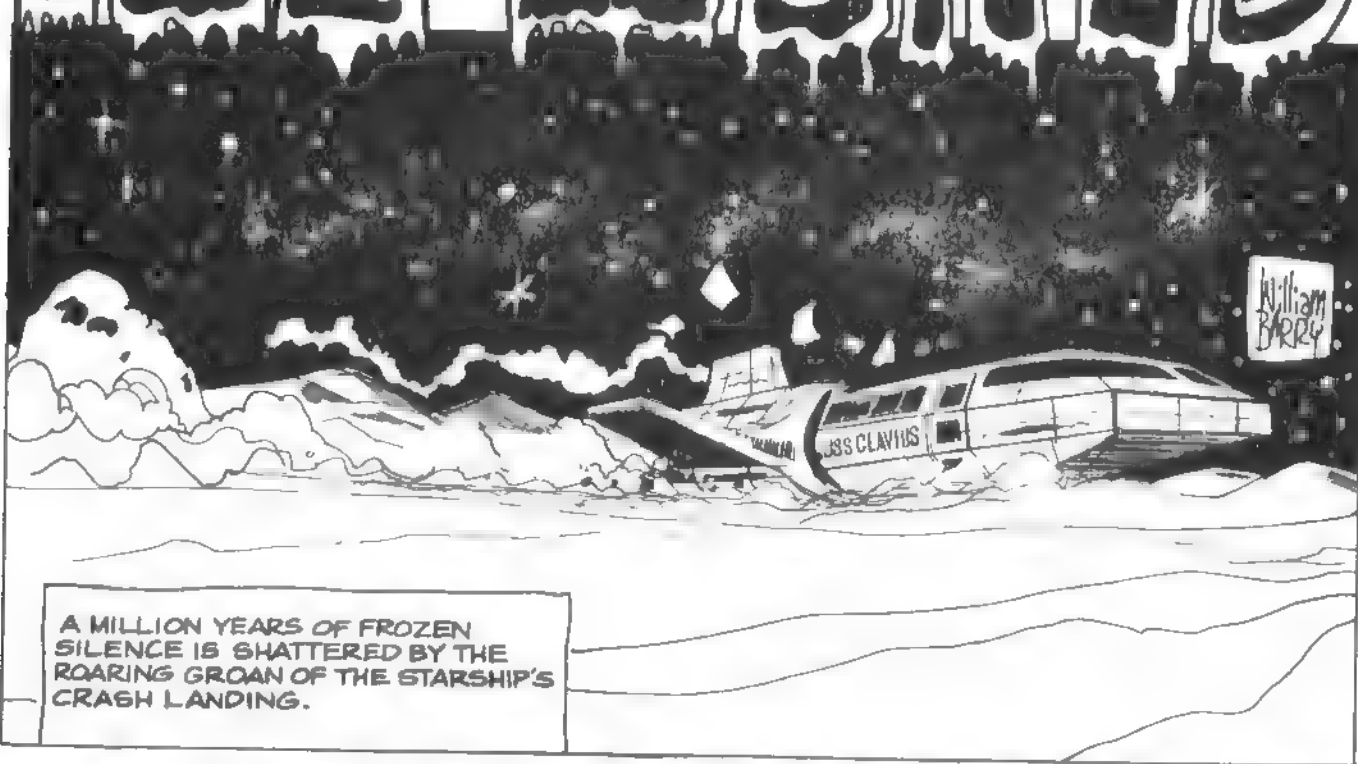




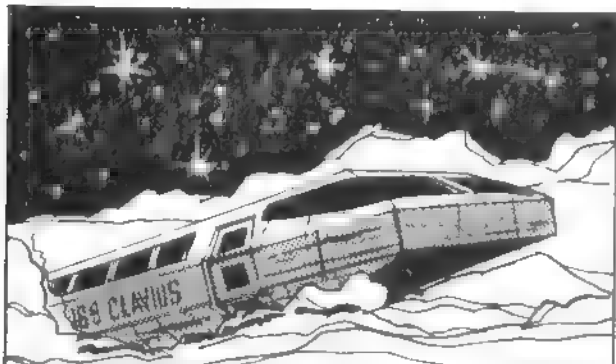


HELLO THERE FIENDISH FANS, ARE YOU READY FOR ANOTHER BONE CHILLING TALE FROM YOUR OLD COUSIN ERRIE?... **HMMMM!** WELL, HERE IS A LITTLE SPACE ODDITY THAT WILL BEND YOUR BRAIN. SO, LET'S TAKE A TRIP INTO THE YEAR 2000 AD, WHERE MEN DARE TO PLUNGE INTO THE BOWELS OF THE UNIVERSE.

# ICE WORLD



A MILLION YEARS OF FROZEN SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY THE ROARING GROAN OF THE STARSHIP'S CRASH LANDING.



THE SPACECRAFT COMES TO A JOLTING HALT, THE SHIP'S BLUNT NOSE POINTS SKYWARD. NOW ONLY A LOW HISSING IS HEARD FROM THE ROCKET MOTORS AS THEY MELT THE SURROUNDING SNOW.



**THEY LIED!** EVERY ONE OF THOSE PROBES LIED! WE'VE JUST LANDED ON THE BIGGEST HUNK OF ICE IN THE UNIVERSE. A YEAR IN SPACE AND WE LAND ON A FROZEN PLANET.



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT GENTLEMEN... WE'VE LANDED ON THE GRAND-DADDY OF ALL GLACIERS, AS YOU KNOW, OUR MISSION WAS TO SET UP A MINING BASE ON THIS PLANET. THAT IS OBVIOUSLY IMPOSSIBLE. SO, LET'S TRY AND MAKE THE BEST WE CAN OUT OF A BAD SITUATION UNTIL WE'RE ABLE TO LEAVE THIS ICEBERG.

ALL THE DATA RELAYED TO EARTH FROM THE PROBES SENT TO THIS PLANET GAVE NO INDICATION WE WOULD RUN INTO THESE CONDITIONS. WHAT HAPPENED?

OBVIOUSLY THIS PLANET IS EXPERENCING AN ICE AGE SIMILAR TO THE ONE WE HAD ON EARTH A MILLION YEARS AGO.

THEN WE'VE MADE THIS DAMN STINK'N TRIP FOR NOTHING! TWO YEARS OF OUR LIVES DOWN THE TUBES... WHY FOR...



ALL RIGHT! TAKE IT EASY, EVENS! WE HAVE ABOUT EIGHTEEN HOURS BEFORE WE CAN RISK RE-STARTING THE NUCLEAR ENGINES. SO, I SUGGEST WE TAKE THE SURFACE SLEDS AND MAKE A QUICK GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE AREA.

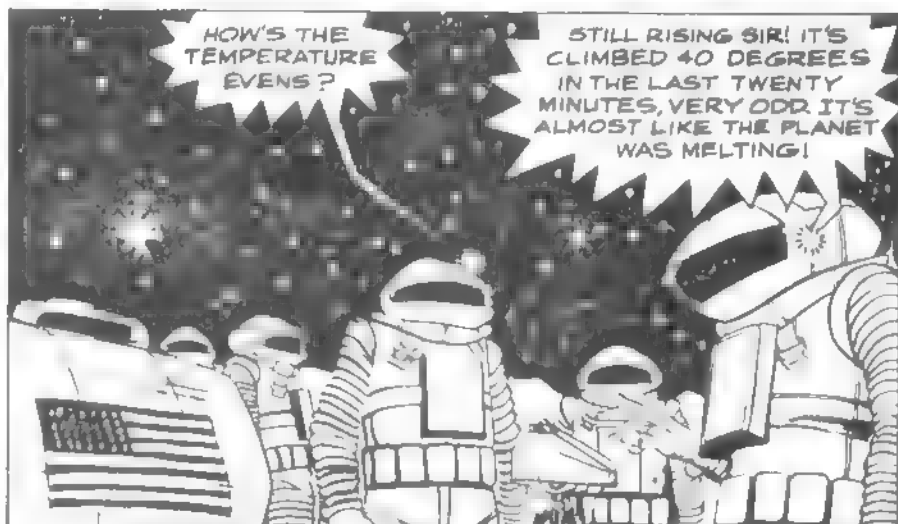


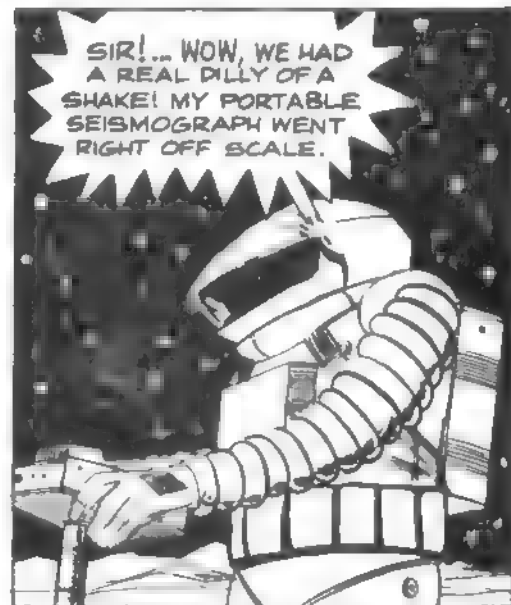
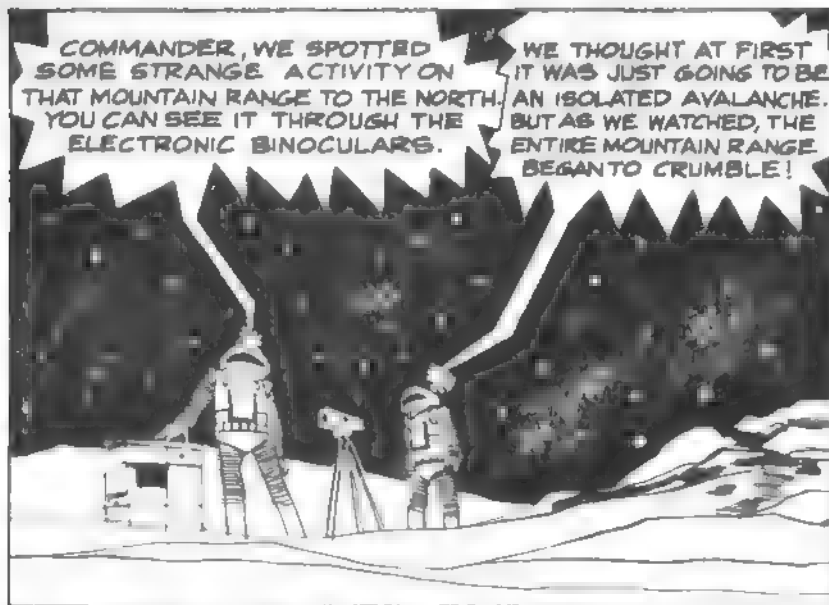
THE SURFACE SLED SKIMS SWIFTLY OVER THE SNOW COVERED PLANET. WHILE OVER-HEAD A HOST OF STARS MARK THE EXPLORERS POINT OF ORIGIN. THE BLACKNESS ABOVE HOLDS MORE PROMISE FOR SURVIVAL THAN THE GLITTERING ICE BENEATH THEIR SLEDS.

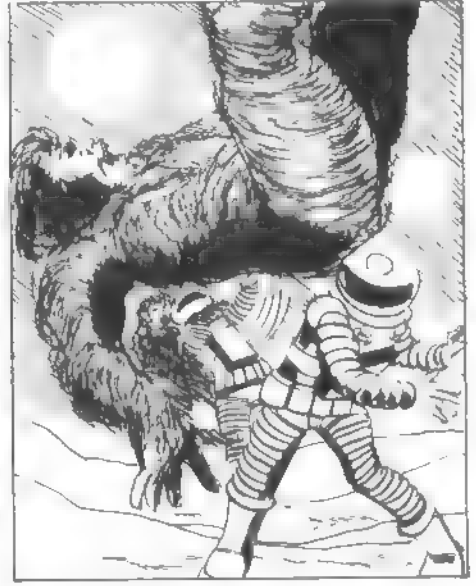


HOW'S THE TEMPERATURE EVENS?

STILL RISING SIR! IT'S CLIMBED 40 DEGREES IN THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES. VERY ODD. IT'S ALMOST LIKE THE PLANET WAS MELTING!







BEFORE THE CREATURE IS ABLE TO THROW HIS CRUDE WEAPON, THE PLANET IS SHATTERED BY A RESOUNDING ROAR THAT SEEMS TO SPLIT THE ICE WORLD INTO A MILLION PIECES.





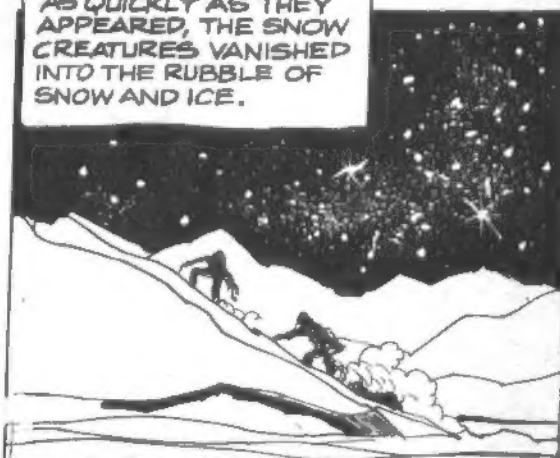
THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET IS SUDDENLY SPLITTING AND CRACKING IN EVERY DIRECTION. MASSIVE CHUNKS OF ICE ARE CATAPULTED SKYWARD...THE CREATURES ATTENTION IS DIVERTED BY A DEAFENING SOUND THAT FILLS THE SKY. FEAR GLOWS DEEP IN THEIR EYES AS THEY SCAN THE HEAVENS FOR WHAT SEEMS TO BE A FAMILIAR SOUND.



THEN IT CAME... THE SHRILL SHATTERING SOUND THAT TURNS THE HIDEOUS MONSTERS INTO COWERING HULKS OF FUR.



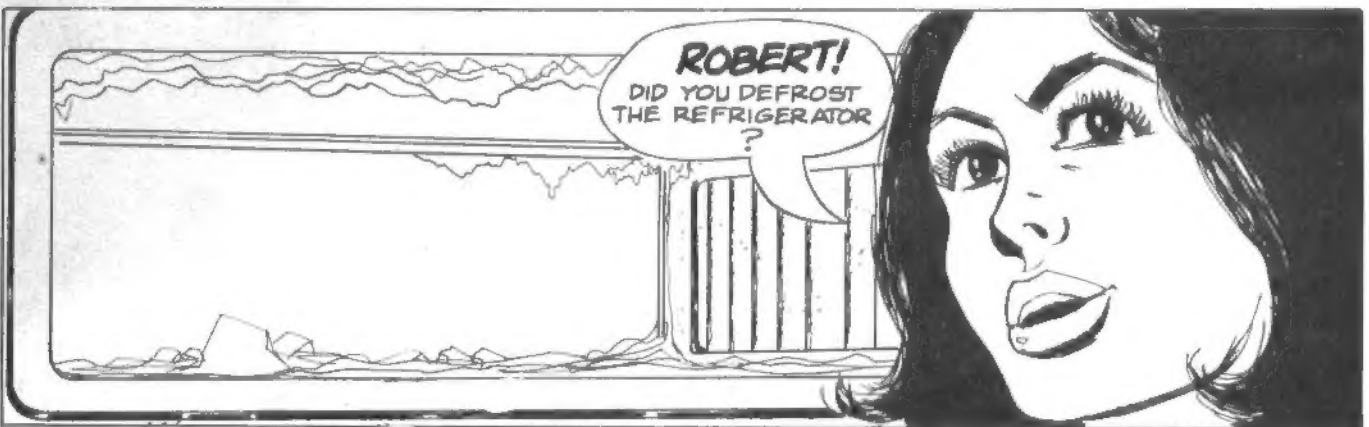
AS QUICKLY AS THEY APPEARED, THE SNOW CREATURES VANISHED INTO THE RUBBLE OF SNOW AND ICE.



QUINN MOVES SWIFTLY, TOSSING ONLY NEEDED ITEMS ABOARD THE SURFACE SLED. THEN UNDER GUSHING CLOUDS OF SNOW FLYING FROM THE SLED, HE RACES TOWARD THE SPACESHIP.



FRANTICALLY, COMMANDER QUINN PUNCHES SEVERAL BUTTONS GIVING LIFE TO THE STARGHIP. THE ROCKET'S THRUST IS ONLY MOMENTS AWAY.



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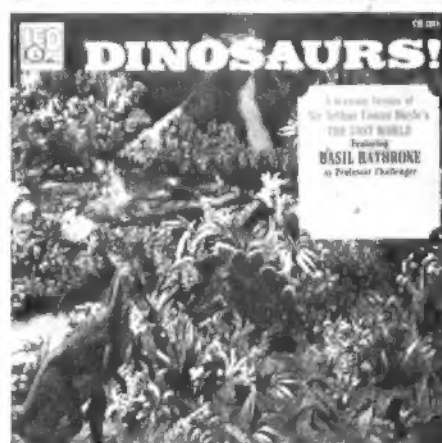
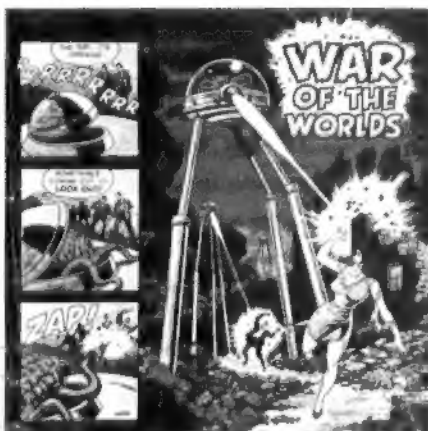
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